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"THEY ALSO SERVE . . ."

Oh, Father! hear us when we plead
For those who fight and those who
bleed;

For those who yield their lives that we
May safely rest in liberty.
Remember Lord, compassionate,
Thy servants who must stand and
wait.

They serve Thee too, we know full
well;
How hard it is, we cannot tell,
To fold the hands that fain would
share

A portion of the awful care.
Have mercy, Lord, compassionate,
On those whom Thou hast bidden
"wait."

And as the fleeting hours fly,
And one by one hope's mornings die,
And they are left there, waiting still
The working of Thine hidden will.
Oh! Saviour, all compassionate,
Keep vigil Thou, with those who wait.

The Bookman.

THE GIPSIES' GOD.

The gipsies' God—
Who had not where to lay His head;
They understood the things He said,
The ways He trod.

The wanderers—
Who see Him in the stars at night,
His fingers in the daisies white,
The golden furze.

Their questing feet
And unbound eyes can find the while
His passion in the storm—His smile
Pass down the wheat.

O happy they!
The letter writes no curse for them:
They kiss His passing garments' hem
By night—by day.

By bush and brake,
In untried spaces of the morn
They hear His voice, and stand new-
born,
Aware—awake.

And when night falls,
They hold out loving, weary hands,

Each as a child who understands
His mother calls.

Madeline Caron Rock.

CHALK AND FLINT.

Comes there now a mighty rally
From the weald and from the coast,
Down from cliff and up from valley,
Spirits of an ancient host;
Castle gray and village mellow,
Coastguard's track and shepherd's
fold,
Crumbling church and cracked mar-
tello

Echo to this chant of old—
Chant of knight and chant of
bowman:

*Kent and Sussex feared no foe-
man*

In the valiant days of old!

Screaming gull and lark a-singing,
Bubbling brook and booming sea,
Church and cattle bells a-ringing
Swell the ghostly melody;
"Chalk and flint, Sirs, lie beneath ye,
Mingling with our dust below!
Chalk and flint, Sirs, they bequeath ye
This our chant of long ago!"

Chant of knight and chant of
bowman,

Chant of squire and chant of yeo-
man:

*Kent and Sussex feared no foe-
man*

In the days of long ago!

Hills that heed not Time or weather,
Sussex down and Kentish lane,
Roads that wind through marsh and
heather

Feel the mail-shod feet again;
Chalk and flint their dead are giving—
Spectres grim and spectres bold—
Marching on to cheer the living

With their battle-chant of old—

Chant of knight and chant of
bowman,

Chant of squire and chant of yeo-
man:

*Witness Norman! Witness Roman!
Kent and Sussex feared no foe-
man*

In the valiant days of old.

Punch.

BELLIGERENTS AND NEUTRALS.

At the outbreak of war, one of the first efforts belligerents make is to attempt to justify the morality of their action. Whatever else war may be, it is indubitably an International nuisance, and every belligerent will naturally wish to wash his hands, so far as may be, of responsibility for inconveniencing his pacific neighbors. He himself lapses from black-coated good behavior to the war-paint of savagery, but it is not his fault; it is the other man who has provoked him, or threatened him, or will not keep his promises, or plotted his destruction, or has run *amok*, and in the interests of civilization this demoniac must be quelled. Both sides say they are in the right; neutrals feel that one or other may be, and assure either (or both) that they have their sympathy,—and privately hope that the trouble will soon be over.

This stage does not last long. Belligerents begin to be dissatisfied with words and sympathy. If the neutral is so sympathetic, why does he not do something; why does he not remember that blood is thicker than water; why does he not act up to his treaties, or his feelings; why does he not strike a blow for civilization—or Kultur; why does he not protest at atrocities; why, finally, does he not really act impartially, and leave off helping the wrong side by trading with him? Belligerents inevitably fall into this attitude—at least their press does—just at the time when neutrals begin to realize that though the war is a nuisance to them it has compensations. It opens to them new trades and makes old ones exceptionally lucrative; huge profits may be pocketed by the neutral who is adroit enough to take his chance.

So comes the third stage, in which Protests and Notes fly about, Ministers reiterate diplomatic "*Tu Quoques*" to each other. International law is cited by both parties to prove their contradictory assertions, and the last part of the war is twofold: an open struggle between the belligerents, and a simmering dispute between them and neutrals.

History makes this plain enough. After France and Spain had come in against England in the American War, the neutral Powers, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, formed in 1780 the League called the Armed Neutrality: Prussia and Austria soon joined, and the belligerents, France, Spain, Holland, and the U.S.A., also adhered to the demands of the League. "*Armed Neutrality*" is a thinly-veiled threat: in effect it says, "We are neutrals now; but if you do not agree to our view of what are neutral rights we are ready to go to war on the matter." Twenty years later the Revolutionary War saw the Second Armed Neutrality among the Baltic Powers, approved as before by one belligerent side, and this time England, to be beforehand with the armed neutrals, attacked and destroyed the Danish fleet at Copenhagen; in 1812 another neutral, the United States, sore about belligerent annoyance in its commerce, actually did go to war; and again the War of Secession (1861) very nearly widened into war between the United States and the neutral England—not only over the *Trent* (1861), and the raiders *Florida* and *Alabama* (1862), but most of all over the ironclad rams building at Lairds. On 5th September 1863 Mr. Adams wrote to Earl Russell saying that one of these vessels was on the point of departure, and ending, "It

would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that *this is war.*"¹

It is then not unusual that when a war begins neutrals are drawn into war on issues *wide of the prime dispute*; or if they do not quite go to war, they advance to the brink of it and avoid hostilities by the narrowest margin. On the other hand, there are plenty of examples to the contrary: neither the Crimean War, nor the Campaign in Italy in 1859, nor the Seven Weeks' War, nor the Franco-Prussian War of '70, nor the Russo-Japanese War, nor the recent War in the Balkans, provoked neutrals to threaten to protect themselves by force.

Two facts emerge—one, that this latter class of war spread little, or not at all, to the sea, and did not widely disturb commerce; the other, that *in every one of the instances where neutrals have angrily protested, and in some cases fought, England has been concerned.* In 1780 the First Armed Neutrality was formed to resist British practice in the matters of contraband, capture of enemy goods, and blockade: the same complaints were made in 1800: the war of 1812 was over the British practice of searching for British seamen on American ships; the issues in the War of Secession were over the North's blockade of the South, which cut off our supplies of cotton, and British trading in contraband on such a scale as to amount to our building yards being the arsenal and naval ports of the Confederacy. This appears to exhibit England in a singularly unamiable aspect: at war as the Draco of belligerent rights at sea, and the terror of the unoffending neutral; in peace as the Arch-trader in contraband; in general a state who condemns in others what she condones in herself. It may

be added that Continental publicists steadily take this view of our perfidious nation.

It is to a certain extent true, yet not true in the form in which it is commonly stated. It is true that England has often so figured, but that is not on account of its perfidy, or supposed or real national characteristics, but because it is the great maritime Power. At war it strives to make that power tell by attacking its enemy's trade; as a neutral it is most hit by restrictions on trade, and most tempted to grasp at the unusual profits offered by trade with a belligerent. Human nature and State nature being what they are, this position of England has been inevitable. It may not be logical or moral, but it is a fact. And ere any one condemn it let him reflect what other States have done or would do in similar case. The most violent infraction of neutral rights that the world has seen was planned in Napoleon's Continental System, and his Berlin decrees; no one ever declared so gigantic a blockade as the U.S.A. did in 1861; and does any one think that if Germany wrested the command of the sea from England she would take a mild and beneficent view of neutrals making for "blockaded" English ports, or trading with England in what they asserted not to be contraband? Neutrals would speedily find even the little finger of the new *Kaiser-Rehoboam* class to exceed the maximum broadside of the old *King Solomons*.

Whatever may be new in International questions of neutrality, England's position is not. As a great maritime State she has always taken a liberal view of belligerent rights at sea when she was at war. But other nations, striving for control at sea, have done the same: the only difference that exists is that their opportunities have been fewer: *they never occur when England has been their*

¹ The British Government stopped them, and eventually bought them for our navy.

opponent, because their sea-power has then vanished, and they have then had to take the other side, and became firm supporters of neutral rights, since this was the one way that remained to them to check the fullest exercise of England's supremacy at sea.

Formulated it stands thus. In a land war neutrals may sympathize with the stronger or the weaker at their choice, but in a sea war or any war which spreads widely over the seas, *the interests of neutrals are apt to lie with the weaker side.* It is the weaker side who professes (though it obviously cannot practise) tender consideration for neutrals;² it is the weaker side who will clamor for goods which it cannot get, and will offer the high prices and the tempting bargains. It is the stronger side which searches ships, condemns contraband, blockades ports, delays and imperils neutral commerce. So, as neutral interests are likely to lie with the weaker side, it is not surprising if neutral sympathy will work round that way also.

That being so, it is well to remember that England cannot at present have the interests of trading neutrals on her side—except so far as they are keensighted enough to realize that their plight would be ten times worse were Germany supreme at sea—and that it is something if, in spite of a divergence in interest, we so far have in the main kept American sympathy. This is an important matter, for if sympathy swings round to coincide with interest, each reacts on the other, and they soon grow into a formidable force.³ When the men of a State think that it is a duty to act as their pocket bids them, they will feel this duty to

be peculiarly sacred, and they will urge their State to give voice to their feelings—which it will naturally do.

It is thus foolish to imagine that all is bound to go smoothly between neutrals and ourselves, and particularly between the United States and ourselves, merely because they feel that our cause is a good one. Even if they are unanimous about this, it is quite another thing for them to agree that the steps which we propose to take in warfare are right. Nor is it reasonable to assume that the United States will—as neutrals—now hold the views which they maintained—as belligerents—in the War of Secession, for this is exactly what we are failing to do ourselves. Emerson wrote that "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," but he did not limit the aphorism to his compatriots, and troubles will not be solved by quoting the *Georgia* against the *Dacia*, and receiving the *Baltica* as a reply, or by hurling the *Peterhoff* as a controversial missile only to get it back in the shape of *Hobbs v. Henning*.⁴ If one side preaches what it does not practise, the other has practised what it does not preach. It is hopeless to escape differences; the thing is to avoid dissension which may ripen into something far worse, and to recognize on both sides that this may only be done with mutual forbearance and understanding. It is no more easy to be a patient neutral than it is to be a discreet belligerent. Issachar's task is as hard as Judah's.

The business is made no simpler by popular clamor. Down comes Cleon to the market-place and gives utterance

² One of the many strange blunders of German diplomacy lies in the failure to keep on good terms with neutrals. Doubtless she is now trying to involve us in a dispute with neutrals through our reprisals against her "frightfulness" at sea.

³ What saved us from war with the United States at the time of the War of Secession was the fact that in the main England sympathized with the cause of the North. Her interests all pointed the other way.

⁴ The *Georgia*, one of the Confederate commerce destroyers, was sold out of the Confederate service to a neutral during the war. She was later captured by a U. S. A. ship and condemned as good prize, the sale being held invalid. The *Baltica* was sold by a Russian to a Danish subject at the time of the Crimean War—sale being made while the ship was actually at sea; but as the Court held it was a bona fide sale the ship was not condemned. The point of the *Peterhoff* and *Hobbs v. Henning* will appear below.

to the admirable sentiment that "it is the duty of a neutral not to trade in contraband," and Demos cheers. Over in Germany the Sausage-seller is shouting to the same tune, but we cannot attend to him. The heckler should say to Cleon "a neutral what?" Whereon if Cleon replies "a neutral State," we will agree easily, *for States do not trade*; but if he says "a neutral person," then he is saying the thing which is not, for who is at present doing so gigantic a trade in contraband with the United States as England is? Plainly, Demos, we do not hold it to be the duty of neutral merchants not to trade in contraband *with us*. What Cleon really means, that it is their duty not to trade with our enemy—which is a very odd view of neutrality.

But leaving the market-place for saner regions, one constantly meets the argument or the impression, "After all, the matter is all settled, surely, by International Law and International Convention: England is not unduly pressing belligerent rights. She has abandoned many of her old claims—in particular, the right to capture enemy property at sea under a neutral flag. We are moderate; we are keeping the law; we are not attempting to extend it by anything new." This impression is nearly as misleading as Cleon's sentiment.

Every great war raises new problems—some foreseen by the publicist and statesman, others entirely unexpected. New things are useful in war, and come into the category of contraband, and old friends drop out. New inventions alter the conditions of warfare at sea. New grouping of Powers places neutral States in positions of importance and difficulty. New International Conventions are put to the test of use, which is—in the long-run—the only thing that will settle whether belligerents will obey

them, or neutrals be satisfied with them. History may repeat itself sometimes, but it has a high knack of originality also.

For changes in what is classed as contraband, we are, of course, prepared. Broadly, there are things obviously contraband, such as arms; things equally obviously innocent; and a third class of things which can be either innocent or noxious, according to the use made of them. So far, "as Amalasuintha said to Justinian," all agree. It is plain too that the belligerent stronger at sea is likely to incline to a sterner view about articles of doubtful use than the weaker belligerent, who would like to buy them, but finds his supplies cut short. But there is one essential ere anything can be called contraband: *it must be destined for the enemy*. A similar condition applies to the breaking of blockade: the ship must be sailing to a blockaded port.

Here begin the difficulties. We have not declared a blockade of the German ports, yet the goods which we desire to seize are mostly going to neutral ports; and as soon as we do declare a blockade, they will all go thither.

Human nature being what it is, Prize Courts must obviously have had some such situation to meet before. It is inevitable that neutrals will have tried to get round the trouble by interposing a call at some neutral port, landing a part of the cargo, paying customs dues, and generally setting up a pretence of innocent intention—so far. To meet this the Courts have applied the doctrine of *Continuous Voyages* which sprang from the "Rule of War of 1756." In the Seven Years' War, France, who had hitherto jealously shut out all other nations from taking any share in the colonial trade between French colonies and herself, threw open the trade to all neutrals. England refused to recognize the

trade as innocent, and condemned neutral ships trading between her enemies France and Spain and their colonies, as rendering unneutral service; and this rule was maintained in later wars of the century. For example, there was nothing to object to if a neutral American ship traded from the Spanish port, Barcelona, to an American port, Salem; nor again was trade (except in contraband) illegal between Salem and the Spanish colony Havannah. Either half was innocent—by itself. But if a ship sailed from Barcelona with the intention of touching at Salem, and then going on to Havannah, carrying the same cargo, this was a *continuous voyage*, and came under the Rule of War of 1756. The Courts would not be put off by bogus calls at neutral ports on the way. As Sir William Grant said in a case of the kind: "It is according to the truth, and not according to the fiction, that we are to give to the transaction its character and determination."

Yet occasionally there might be innocent cases. The cargo might be genuinely intended for sale in the neutral port, yet not find a market: the ship might be chartered on again to Havannah (in our supposed case), and might be loaded with part of the original cargo. In such cases of doubt the Courts have inquired into the good faith of the proceedings: the landing of the cargo and the payment of customs in itself were not enough, but where they have been satisfied that the goods were *bonâ fide* landed and imported "into the common stock of the neutral country," the subsequent sending on of all or a part was held to be innocent.

The doctrine of Continuous Voyage once established could plainly be stretched to cases of contraband and blockade. The temptation to put in a call on the way at a neutral port, in

order to cloak guilt, was less great with contraband and blockade. The neutral dabbler in belligerent colonial commerce hoped to make innocent *both halves of his venture*.⁵ "He was not doing anything wrong, not he: he had sailed from Barcelona to Salem: no harm in that, was there? and now he was on his way from Salem to Havannah: no harm in that either surely. Same cargo? A mere accident. One voyage? Nothing of the kind—two quite distinct ones."

The contraband trader or blockade-runner might also choose to put in an "innocent" call on the way, but when he left his port of call the cat would be out of the bag, and the noxious destination of goods or ship revealed. But even here the call might be an advantage, and the more advantage the closer the "innocent" port of call lay to the ultimate "guilty" destination. If such a ship coming across the Atlantic were to be innocent for most of its voyage, its chances of accomplishing the whole safely would be far better. In the Napoleonic and Revolutionary Wars, however, such chances were few, because there were so few neutral ports; most of the Continent that had ports was at war, and such neutral ports as there were lay out of the way in the Baltic or in the north of Europe. So the question of whether things could be captured as contraband, though ostensibly on their way to a neutral port, was not prominent. But in the matter of blockade it was clear that a voyage intended to end at a blockaded port was guilty throughout, even if a neutral port of call were interposed.

The question, however, took on a new importance with the outbreak of the War of Secession. The United States Government blockaded the

⁵ Under the "Rule of War of 1756," a voyage from a Spanish colony to an allied enemy port (Amsterdam) might be held guilty. See Sir William Scott's judgment on the *Maris*.

whole coast of the Confederacy. But as the coast was enormously long, and as some of the harbors—Charleston in particular—possessed entrances which favored the blockade-runner, blockade-running was far from hopeless. It was, besides, enormously profitable. The Confederacy would pay huge prices for munitions of war, and her ports were choked up with cotton for which Lancashire was clamoring. Thus blockade-running and contraband trading sprang into a regular business with British shipowners. Of course if they were caught they were unquestionably guilty—none disputed that—but the attractions were so great that many were ready to face the risk.

But here came the new point. Contraband traders and blockade-runners to Europe had found no convenient neutral "innocent" half-way house in the Napoleonic Wars, but they found plenty in the War of Secession—and these were much more than half-way over. Right opposite Charleston lay the Bermudas; farther on again, and close to the Florida coast, the Bahamas and the port of Nassau,—and these were British. If these nefarious traffickers in arms could pose as innocent traders sailing from Liverpool to another British port till they were, so to speak, within hail of the Confederate coast, much of these dangers and risks would be avoided. It is clear at once that the States will press the application of continuous voyage as strongly as possible, and that the British trader will desire his Government to restrict it as narrowly as may be. The boot, in fact, was on the other leg. Hitherto America had championed the neutral and Great Britain the belligerent, now the parts were reversed. Circumstances alter cases.

A distinction, however, must be kept in mind. If the adventurer was des-

tined to a Confederate port he was breaking blockade, and the penalty was forfeiture of *ship and cargo*, no matter whether the cargo be contraband or not—field-guns or pianos; that is immaterial. Blockade covers everything. The question of contraband would only come in if the cargo was destined for the enemy at an unblockaded port, or by the application of "continuous voyage," or something akin to it, through a neutral port. But there were no open enemy ports; they were all blockaded. Contraband Case 1 (the normal kind), it would seem, cannot arise. Let us survey Case 2.

The contraband may be on its way to Bermuda or from there to Nassau, both neutral ports, with no disclosed intention as to its further movements: or it may be going to a Mexican port—also neutral—where the voyage of the ship will terminate, whatever be said of the goods: or—common and highly suspicious case—it may be going to Matamoros on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, the boundary river between the Confederacy and Mexico, where the United States blockade only applied to ports on the Confederate bank.

In all these cases the *prima facie* destination of the goods is to a neutral port, and save by the application of "continuous voyage" they cannot be made contraband, unless they are openly consigned to some Confederate agent—which we may assume is unlikely.

Here, however, the United States Prize Courts went behind the apparent destination. The *Bermuda*, on its way from the Bermudas to Nassau, the *Stephen Hart* sailing from London to Cardenas, the *Springbok* sailing from London to Nassau, the *Peterhoff* from London to Matamoros, were all captured; all were carrying contraband in their cargoes, and in all cases

the contraband was condemned as such.*

Now that the heat of controversy has cooled down, these decisions seem reasonable enough. The "Bermoothes" were not sufficiently "still text" to explain the sudden desire to import vast supplies of field-guns, ammunition, surgical instruments, and explosives. There was no reasonable doubt that the stuff was meant for the Confederates, whatever its ostensible destination, and the Confederates could not fetch it for themselves: therefore the shipper must be presumed to have the intention of taking it to them by one means or other. That is to say, that the enemy destination was clear. Further, in most of the cases there was a deal of concealment of destination, bogus ownership, spoliation of papers, and so forth—enough suspicious circumstances to make a prize court condemn Noah's Ark. Yet at the time the decisions were ill received in England: writers on International Law maintained with vigor that enemy destination must be shown and not presumed, and that till that was done the goods going to neutral ports could not be held contraband. Even the temperate Mr. W. E. Hall in his "International Law" (1884 edition) spoke of the U.S.A. Courts giving "a violent extension to the notion of contraband destination, borrowing for the purpose the name of a doctrine of the English Courts, of *wholly different nature from that by which they were themselves guided*": and adds, "the American decisions have been universally reprobated outside the United States, and would probably find no defenders in their own country." A resolution condemning the American practice was in 1882 agreed to by a formidable mass of publicists—MM. Arntz, Asser, de Bulmerincq, Gessner, de Martens,

Pierantoni, Renault, Rolin, Hall, and Travers Twiss. The list provokes a smile: it is seldom that English publicists are found in such amiable conjunction with their Continental brethren on a question of limiting belligerent rights at sea.

What publicists say matters little in England unless it is backed up by diplomatic protest, or decisions of our prize courts. The Government took it calmly, and our prize courts were not in a position to decide. But in *Hobbs v. Henning*—an insurance action brought over the cargo of the *Peterhoff*—the defendant having pleaded that he was not liable as the goods were contraband, and so were exposed to seizure, Erie (C.J.) held in his judgment that goods passing between neutrals were not liable to seizure *unless it distinctly appeared that the voyage was to an enemy's port*. "We cannot," he said, "notice judicially the situation of Matamoras." The inference that the goods were meant in the long-run for the Confederates he described as "the allegation of a mental process only," and the shipper was not held to be trading in contraband "because he knew of an effective demand for warlike stores at Matamoras, and because he expected that the purchase would probably be made on behalf of the Confederate States." He quoted further Scott's decision in the case of the *Imina* (which on the news of the blockade of Amsterdam had altered its destination to the neutral port of Emden), that the cargo could not be held contraband unless it was passing on the high sea *to an enemy port*. It will be noticed that Emden (just across the Ems) corresponds closely to the position of Matamoras. But anyhow the defendant's plea was bad in law, and the question of contraband or no was not germane.

Again the question dropped off into the slumber of peace; but a sign that

* And in some cases the ship, where there was presumption of intention to break blockade, or the cargo was wholly contraband, or there was evidence of fraud.

England still boggled at the American extension was given when France, being at war with China, proposed to stop contraband going to the British port of Hong-Kong. We objected to this presumption of ultimate enemy destination. Italy in its war with Abyssinia condemned the *Doelwyck* sailing to the French port of Jibouti with contraband for the enemy on board, but there was little doubt of the enemy destination.

Then, as if history was bent on forcing a decision, came the Boer War. The Boer States had no outlet to the sea: therefore nothing could reach them except through neutral ports—and if a neutral ending of the voyage was to be a bar to goods being held contraband, then in this war there could be no question of contraband *at sea* at all. England was instantly placed in much the same position as the United States Government had been in 1861. We were told that the enemy was receiving quantities of arms through Delagoa Bay and the Portuguese ports, and we wished to stop this. The law advisers of the Crown must have blessed the foresight—or the inactivity—of the Government of the '60's for having made no protest against American practice, and we at once began to apply it. We stopped and visited the French *Cordoba* and *Gironde*, the Dutch *Maria*, and two British ships, the *Beatrice* and *Mashona*, sailing with American cargoes to Portuguese ports. We also stopped the German *Bundesrath*, the *Hans Wagner*, the mail-steamer *Herzog*, and the *General*, to search for contraband. But nothing decisive emerged. We did not find any contraband, or we offered to buy the cargo and make compensation, or we found some other reason for being lenient. The United States and we were on good terms; besides they, being "hoist with their own petard," could not protest overmuch:

and political reasons were strong against provoking a breach with France or Germany.

Thus, though the Boer War ought to have settled the question, it did not. It saw England come round as a belligerent to the American doctrine over which English opinion (though not England's official opinion) had grumbled when we were neutral. And now the whole thing is up again, with fresh thorns sticking out of it.

Like the United States in the War of Secession, we wish to use sea-power to wear down the enemy by cutting off supplies, but the cases are not on all-fours for several reasons. They blockaded the Southern ports, and could allege that contraband going to neutral Mexican ports must be intended for the South, because overland was the only way left for it to go. We have not yet declared a blockade of the German ports, and presumably that way is still open. Again, Mexico was not normally a distributing centre for commerce, but Holland is. Again, the goods which the United States seized were mostly contraband of the clearest type—"absolute contraband." We are not content with that: much of what we desire to stop is "conditional contraband"—goods, that is to say, capable of both peaceful and warlike use. In some cases we add to the list even articles which (if any heed be given to the Declaration of London) may not be declared contraband, such as rubber and copper ore. And we desire to stop this contraband on ships on their way to a neutral destination, *with no presumption whatever that the ships are going on from there to enemy ports, although the enemy ports are open.*

Of course the destination of the ship is not the real point: if it be to an enemy port it will give the character of contraband to goods belonging to that class; but it cannot clear them

by merely proving that it is going to take them no farther than the neutral port. The whole thing turns on *destination of the goods*. Even the doctrine of Continuous Voyage as applied to contraband did not alter that: the only point was how soon was a belligerent entitled to say that the character of contraband attached to such and such goods: must he wait till enemy destination was manifest, or could he begin while the goods were still on the way from one neutral port to another? As to absolute contraband, the Declaration of London (for what it is worth) is in our favor. Absolute contraband is liable to capture if going to enemy territory or territory occupied by him: it is immaterial whether the carriage of the goods is direct or entails transshipment or subsequent transport by land (Art. 30). So far so good. Conditional contraband is only liable for capture if destined for the use of the armed forces of the enemy or for any Government department,—such use to be presumed if it is consigned to the enemy authorities or to a contractor established in the enemy country who commonly supplies such things to the enemy, or to an enemy fortress or base. Otherwise its destination is presumed to be innocent, but the presumption may be rebutted (Art. 33, 34). Further, conditional contraband is *not* liable for capture, except when found on board a vessel bound for territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy: or for the armed forces of the enemy, and when it is not to be discharged at an intervening port: and the ship's papers are to be conclusive proof (Art. 35).

The Declaration of London is nothing except so far as we declare our intention to abide by it, and as a sign of some opinions on International Law. By it our case as to conditional contraband sailing to Dutch ports is poor. True, that with a piece of in-

sight (looking backwards) we caused to be inserted Art. 36, which says, "notwithstanding the provisions of Art. 35, conditional contraband, if shown to have the destination referred to in Art. 33, is liable to capture in cases *where the enemy country has no sea-board.*" This fits the African conditions of 1899—better late than never—and, of course, would come in handy in a war against Switzerland, but does not apply to Germany.

If we can show enemy destination, or rebut innocent destination, all is well. But how is that to be done? It was far easier in old days when the shipowner was so commonly also the shipper, when the cargo was his own speculation, or else consigned to a definite consignee. Nowadays goods go mostly "to order," and even the ownership is not easy to establish. Very likely the shipper has got money advanced from a bank, and the bank holds the bill of lading (giving power over the goods) against the advance; it may even part with it to some other person while the goods are in transit. When the ship is captured one bill of lading will of course be on board, but it may only be "to order," and will be no more conclusive of the final destination of the cargo than a cheque drawn "to order" is of the final recipient of the money. The other bill of lading,⁷ with the bill of exchange annexed to it, may be in anyone's hands, and it will not appear if it is compromising. If ownership is apt to be obscure, destination is still more difficult to establish. If the goods are consigned to the enemy, all is plain; but this is exactly what they will not be, if the object of the shipper is to clear them of the taint of contraband. If there is a consignee mentioned at all—which is not likely—he will be a neutral, and he will be careful to be

⁷ Bills of lading are often made in three, four, and sometimes five copies.

in no way implicated as a contractor for German supplies. True, we can presume with confidence that *some* of the copper, nickel, rubber, petrol, and so forth, which goes to Holland is meant for Germany. But if it is bought in Holland by a Dutch merchant and put up for sale again in the open market, thus "entering into the common stock of the country," no one can tell—till the purchase is made—whither it is destined. The merchant himself cannot tell: all he knows is that, owing to the war, there is a big demand in Holland for rubber and petrol, and supplies being scanty, prices are good; but the price is the same for all, whether a German agent buys for Germany or a Dutch agent for home consumption. Holland continues to use some rubber and petrol in spite of Germany being at war, although the fact that Germany is urgently in need of these things will force up prices in the Dutch market, and therefore Dutchmen will buy less for themselves than if they were cheap.

"The ship's papers are to be conclusive proof." But—even presuming them to be honest—of what are they conclusive? That the goods sent at the shipper's risk are still the shipper's property? That the destination is neutral? That all of the cargo will go to the same destination? They are conclusive of none of these things.

Nor, again, if we propose to restrict imports of this conditional contraband to Holland's normal supply in peacetime, shall we be keeping it out of Germany. Obviously the buyer whose demand is keenest, who is prepared to pay the highest price, will get the biggest share. The greater Germany's need, the more she will offer, and the larger proportion she will get of what would be in normal times Holland's normal consumption. Such action on our part would restrict German supplies, but it will not altogether choke

them. It will, however, seriously affect Dutch consumers and Dutch industries.

Nor, indeed, have matters been made much clearer by Mr. Asquith's pronouncement. Thus said he: "In the statement of the retaliatory measures we propose to adopt, the words 'blockade' and 'contraband' do not occur, and advisedly so. We are not going to allow our efforts to be strangled in a network of juridical niceties." Yet if we abandon "juridical niceties"—which is perhaps a strange description of what is commonly called International Law to proceed from a lawyer's mouth—where are we? Are our "retaliatory measures" to be what most call "reprisals"? If so, it is well to recognize that while they will doubtless put stress on the enemy, they are put into visible operation against the neutral. "Blockade" and "contraband" the neutral knows, but he has never been liable to "reprisal." Little need of wonder that he is murmuring.

Further, what is going to be done, and how are things made plainer? It sounds well: "The British and French Governments will hold themselves free to detain and take into port ships carrying goods of presumed enemy destination, ownership, or origin"; but beyond saying that the destination or ownership may be presumed, it does not advance us: we are very much where we were before. The captor at sea, of course, *must presume*: he cannot prove; but what then? We are going to "detain" and take into port—but what more? Are we going to *condemn* the enemy goods? This will be a return to capturing enemy property under the neutral flag: or are we going merely to *detain*, compensating the neutral and handing over the detained goods to Germany at the end of the war? Or again, does it mean wholesale pre-emption? "It is not intended to confiscate such vessels

or cargoes unless they would be otherwise liable to confiscation." *Otherwise* presumably means, under the headings of contraband, unneutral service or blockade—if we declare one; but how is "or cargoes" to be construed? Does it mean that we will not confiscate any goods of enemy ownership or destination unless they are contraband? or does it merely mean that the presence of such enemy goods will not in any case involve the forfeiture of the ship and the rest of the cargo? The first construction seems to take much of the sting out of the pronouncement; the second is doubtless reasonable, but hardly worth saying. Things are not generally confiscated unless they are confiscable; still, one never knows what may happen when we decline to "be strangled in a network of juridical niceties."

Finally, what will the courts do? Presumably they will have to deliver judgment on these goods of enemy destination, origin, and ownership carried on neutral ships. Will the courts also absolve themselves "from juridical niceties"—*alias* International Law—*when they are dealing with neutrals against whom we have no ground of quarrel?* One seems to catch an echo of Lord Stowell's memorable declaration, that British Prize Courts sat "not to administer occasional and shifting opinion to serve present purposes of particular national interest, but to administer with indifference that justice which the Law of Nations holds out without distinction to independent states, some happening to be

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neutral and some to be belligerent."

This embodies not only sound law, but a national attitude worthy of England's dignity. Lord Stowell administered impartially the Law of Nations of his day. What will our courts do: administer the law of our day, or of his day? Either action is intelligible. Or must we be guided by that other and more recent maxim imported into our constitution—that majestic dictum, "Wait and see"?

But returning from "occasional and shifting opinion" to the realm of fact and law, it will be seen that whatever way we turn the difficulties are grave. If we declare a blockade of German ports, we only increase the flow of goods to Holland, where it is harder to establish that "enemy destination" required to fix the taint of contraband. We shall have to *presume* this character, because circumstances commonly make it impossible of proof: neither the shipper nor the importer will help us to condemn his goods. For our sea-power to be effective we must not only apply the doctrine of continuous voyage to "conditional contraband" going to neutral ports; but, more, we must *presume* that such cargoes are guilty unless they can show their innocence: and it is possible that we may have to *presume* that none are innocent.

This is a very serious extension of belligerent powers at sea. To recognize the fact is not to deny that it may be necessary. But it may lead us to be more sympathetic with neutrals, and less impatient of their complaints.

BRITISH FARMERS AND THE WAR.

The war will have a far-reaching effect on British agriculture. Not for half a century have the profits on wheat-growing and cattle-rearing been so high as they are to-day, and there

is every indication that the remunerative prices will continue for some considerable time. British farmers have an opportunity unequalled in the lifetime of the present generation of de-

veloping the home markets and placing the agricultural industry on a firmer and more prosperous basis. The interests of the nation, too, demand that more land should be put under wheat and oats, and that poultry-farming should be developed in order to augment the seriously diminished supplies of farm produce from the Continent. It scarcely requires the stream of leaflets from the advisory committee of the Board of Agriculture to convince the farmers that the task which has been placed on their shoulders in this crisis as as important and as essential to the success of our arms as the manufacture of munitions of war, and that the agricultural laborer preparing the fields for the coming harvest is doing as useful work as the skilled artisan who is building battleships on the Clyde or the Tyne. In this crash of arms, unparalleled in the world's history, bread bullets may prove as valuable as bullets of lead or silver. Under these circumstances the persistent complaints of the farmers of the scarcity of labor merit careful inquiry and the fullest possible consideration.

That there is in many districts a scarcity of skilled labor will be readily admitted. The response of the farm workers to Lord Kitchener's call has been remarkable, more particularly in the North of Scotland. I know of one Donside parish where practically every able-bodied man of military age is with the colors, and there are islands in the Western Hebrides where the whole manhood of the district is serving in either the Army or the Navy. An Aberdeenshire farmer of my acquaintance was left just at the beginning of the spring season with only one middle-aged laborer, all the others having answered the call of the drum. It is true that the difficulties of the English farmers are scarcely so serious. (Scotland, as the Prime Minis-

ter pointed out some time ago, has, in proportion to its population, the best recruiting record of the three kingdoms.) At the same time it need not be seriously disputed that in the agricultural districts of England there is a temporary scarcity of workers, owing to recruiting and other causes. But the farmers themselves are largely responsible for this dearth of laborers. While wages and general conditions of labor in the great centres of industry have been steadily improving, English farmers have resolutely refused to depart from the bad old traditions of rural life. What was good enough for Hodge's grandfather ought to be good enough for the agricultural laborer of to-day! Low wages, houses that are all too seldom water-tight, the prospect, as Sir J. M. Barrie says, of being thrown aside like a broken grail when rheumatism seizes him—such is the humdrum lot of the farm-laborer. Is it to be wondered at that there has been a gradual exodus from the rural districts? In Scotland, during the past decade, thousands of farm workers (the best bone and sinew of the rural districts) have emigrated to Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. South of the Border the drain of emigration has been less serious, but in both England and Scotland the lure of higher wages in the towns has proved an irresistible attraction to the enterprising farm worker. Men who have forsaken the land are working to-day in the colliery districts, in the brickworks, in the pottery towns, and as laborers in the shipyards. The result was that even before the outbreak of the war farmers had often a considerable difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of workers for the busy seasons. When recruiting on a great scale commenced the limited number of farm-laborers was still further reduced, and now insistent demands are being made by the farmers for the

wholesale exemption of school boys in order that they may assist in the fields during the busy season.

The farmers, indeed, have already made considerable progress with their ill-starred agitation. In England several local authorities have consented to release boys and girls for farm work. According to a statement prepared by the Workers' National Council, children in Somerset and Soke of Peterborough are released at eleven years of age. In Gloucestershire an undertaking has been given not to enforce school attendance of boys of twelve (and, in some cases, eleven) if taking the place of men gone to war. In West Sussex boys over twelve are released, and in various other localities the attendance of the children is not to be regarded as compulsory after they have reached the age of twelve or thirteen. The Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, stated that up to January 31st, 1,152 boys and 42 girls have been allowed to leave school under age for agricultural employment. It must be noted that these exemptions, though comparatively small in number, were granted during the winter months before the farmers' busy season had really commenced. Since then the rush of spring work has come; Parliament has virtually agreed to sanction child labor, and exemptions are now being granted in the rural districts at the discretion of the local authorities—at the discretion, that is to say, of the squire, the farmer, and the clergyman. What that means it is scarcely necessary to point out. Even in Scotland, with its better educational traditions, the farmers have been turning covetous eyes towards the school boys. The Stewartry Farmers' Club has requested the School Boards in the district to consider favorably applications for the exemption from school attendance of children over twelve

years of age, and already more than one of the authorities have agreed to the suggestion.

The agitation in favor of boy labor is one of the most sinister aspects of the present industrial situation. Reading impartially the statements made on behalf of the farmers in the House of Commons, one cannot help feeling that certain eminent agriculturists have still a lurking antipathy to the Education Acts. "Give me a servant as can nayther read nor write, and doesn't know the year of the Lord she was born in," says the miller in *Janet's Repentance*, and one could detect something of that prejudice against modern education in Mr. Chaplin's doleful 'plaint that the pretty maids now-a-days prefer to tinkle on the piano rather than assist in the work of the farm. That, of course, is but the veriest caricature of the educational aspect of the problem. The truth is that among no class is a higher standard of education more urgently necessary than among our English agriculturists, and even during the present crisis there is no need whatever to sacrifice the children on the altar of rural parsimony. A sound practical education is as valuable to the agriculturist as to the artisan; and if the resources of the land are to be developed to their fullest capacity, the latest results of modern scientific research must be intelligently applied. In that task the educated workman leaves the dull clod of clay helplessly and hopelessly behind. An educated agricultural community—farmers as well as farm workers—will take far more out of the land than ignorant peasantry, content to plod on in the beaten track which their grandfathers trod. That is why it is so essential, in the interests of the nation as well as of the child, that the use of boy labor should be sternly discouraged, that the education of the children

should not be interrupted at the most vitally important period of their school career, and that their bodily health should not suffer by a too early familiarity with the drudgery of farm life.

But modern education, say the apologists of the farmer, gives the children a distaste for work in the fields. The boys and girls who remain at school until they have reached the age of fourteen prefer rather to earn their livelihood behind the counter or on an office stool—anywhere rather than at farm service. There is no doubt an element of truth in the allegation, but do those who level that indictment against modern education realize what the statement really means? Is it not an indictment rather of the conditions under which the farm laborer must live and work? It is in the highest degree creditable to country lads that they should aspire to something better than 12s. or 15s. a week and a tumble-down cottage. Why is it that the squire and the farmer have nothing better than that to offer them? Work in the fields, under reasonably humane conditions, is healthy and pleasant, and if farmers were prepared to offer higher wages, one would hear a great deal less, even in war time, of the scarcity of rural labor. I frankly admit that higher wages will not, in every case, be sufficient to attract labor to the land. But higher wages and better conditions would have prevented many of the younger laborers from leaving the land for the urban centres, and will be a substantial inducement for these men to return, temporarily at any rate, to work on the farm during the busy seasons. The truth is that the work of the ploughman is really skilled labor, and men cannot be pitchforked out of a factory right in between the plough stilt, and expected to turn a furrow with the best of them right away. Indeed, I am sometimes inclined to think that

the true ploughman, like the poet, is born, not made. Certain it is that it requires more skill to drive a straight furrow through a ten or twenty acre field than it does to drive a nail through a piece of wood. It requires as much skill to build a hay-stack as it does to build a brick wall. I have earned my livelihood in both ways, and can speak with some assurance on the matter. The moral of all this is that the difficulties with which farmers are confronted cannot be met by mere temporary expedients—so far, at any rate, as the more important branches of farm work are concerned—and that if our agriculturists wish to retain the services of the best type of laborers it will be necessary to offer inducements not less tempting than those which are offered to the same class of men in the big centres of industry.

Whilst this is true of what might be termed the skilled branches of farm work, there are nevertheless many kinds of agricultural labor for which little or no preliminary training is required. Why should not the Board of Agriculture co-operate with the Labor Exchanges in the towns, and secure the services of unemployed women in the big industrial centres during the busy seasons? There is not one of the farm laborer's ordinary duties which could not be better performed by a woman than by a boy of twelve or fourteen—and I can speak from a fairly wide experience of farm work. Sir Harry Verney, in the House of Commons the other day, aroused a ripple of merriment by declaring that "a woman would make a better midwife for an old ewe than a little boy." That, of course, is perfectly true, but it is stating the case in rather an extreme fashion. Farmers, I imagine, do not expect boys to take the place of competent shepherds. The work they would be called on to undertake is of

quite another kind. Just now—and during the next month or six weeks according to the locality—there will be potatoes to plant, and the ground to clear of turnips. Later there will be weeds to gather and burn—the task that George Macdonald's "wae-some carle" bungled so badly, setting fire to the farm steading when the "wind blew frae the wast." Then during the early summer there are turnips to single and hoe, and a host of those little odd jobs which constitute the farm laborer's daily round. These, I take it, are the tasks at which boys of twelve to fourteen might be expected to assist. That many of these jobs could be done by lads of thirteen no one familiar with farm work will dream of denying. I had a tolerable hard round at every one of them at an age when the modern youth is still under the shadow of the schoolmaster's cane. That, however, is no reason why the child of to-day should be deprived of the advantages of a moderately good education. That is no reason why the education of the farm laborer's son should be interrupted "just at the time when he is beginning to learn something," as one rural teacher aptly put it. The whole matter resolves itself into a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Farmers must not expect a return to the halcyon days when women were content to labor in the fields from dawn to sunset, for 6d. or 9d.; but if they are prepared to offer reasonable wages, there will be no difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of female workers from the big industrial centres. Miss Mary Macarthur, Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, states that "there are, at the present moment, at least 50,000 women who are normal wage-earners unemployed throughout the country." Many industries in which women are largely employed have been severely hit by the

war. Luxuries are being lopped off, and the industries connected with the supply of luxuries are suffering seriously. The fishing industry is in a state of partial collapse. Many of the men who earn their livelihood by the pursuit of the silvery herring are engaged in mine-sweeping in the North Sea and even in the Dardanelles, and others have found employment as laborers in the ship-building yards on the Clyde and on the Tyne. But the thousands of women workers who were wont to follow the herring round the coast—from Peterhead and Fraserburgh to Yarmouth and Lowestoft—are less fortunately situated. There are few openings for them in their own little fishing centres. Is there any reason why the farmers should not employ these women during the busy season? They are hardy, able-bodied, and quite accustomed to arduous manual labor. The ordinary farm tasks at which women would be employed are much lighter than gutting and packing herring; and carrying a pail of potatoes during the planting season is less injurious even to comparatively delicate women than lifting heavy boxes of fish.

I am aware that there is in certain quarters a curious prejudice against the employment of women at farm work. "No doubt it is possible," said one critic, discussing Mr. Asquith's anticipation of an increase of female labor on farms, "for women do men's work in the fields in a great many countries, but it is generally a symptom of a retrograde civilization." To an old farm worker like myself such an attitude is quite incomprehensible. Certain I am that if daughter of mine had to earn her living by the sweat of her brow, I would much rather see her hoeing turnips in the fields than spending her days boxed up in a factory. No one suggests, of course, that women should take the place be-

hind the plough of the men who have enlisted, although I have known more than one estimable Scottish dame whose work "between the stilts" would be difficult to beat. It is not even proposed that the heavier and more drudging kinds of farm work should be placed on the shoulders of the female sex. At the same time, there is a great deal of farm work eminently suited for women and girls. Milking, hoeing, weeding, potato-planting, potato-gathering—even spreading farmyard manure on the turnip-fields—are much more suitable tasks for women than a good deal of the work they are called upon to do in the factories and curing yards.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles cut the "bands" of the sheaves during the threshing time, and took her share of the ordinary duties of the farm, although in Yorkshire the number of women employed in the fields has diminished very considerably in recent years. In Northumberland, however, about 25 per cent. of the agricultural workers are women. Across the Border, in the Lothians and Fifeshire, the proportion is as high as 30, and in some localities even 40 per cent.¹ An extension of this system, even were it only temporary, would release the male laborers for the heavier work on the land, and enable the farmer to face with a cheerful countenance the threatened shortage of rural labor.

The employment of female labor has also an important bearing on the development of the poultry industry. Here, at any rate, is a task at which women can excel. At present, poultry farming is merely an incidental part of the agricultural industry, and, save on an occasional holding in the vicinity of large centres, has never been

developed to its fullest extent. The war is the poultry farmer's opportunity. The demand for eggs and table poultry is enormous, and is steadily increasing. Under normal conditions, the people of Britain consume 12 million eggs a day. To meet that demand the home supplies are totally inadequate. Mr. W. Powell-Owen, a well-known poultry expert, states that "In 1913 the imports of eggs and poultry into this country reached the record figure of £10,500,000." Eggs constitute the principal item in that substantial total, the imports in "great hundreds" (120) from the Continental countries affected by the war being 14,579,950. That, says Mr. Powell-Owen, represents about two-thirds of our total imports (£7,000,000) which must of necessity be withheld from us for every twelve months that the war lasts. Such an opportunity comes but rarely to British farmers. Here, at their own doors, is a home market, and in their own hands is an industry which might be developed into a profitable branch of farm work. It is true that, in the scattered rural districts the difficulty of collecting eggs is a slight drawback, but by co-operative effort in the localities concerned, that might be easily overcome. In the remote Shetlands, by means of agricultural co-operation, the poultry industry has been revolutionized. To-day the value of the eggs sent to the mainland towns is sufficient to pay the whole rent of the islands. The produce is collected regularly, and dispatched promptly to the large Scotch towns, thus not only saving the middlemen's profits, but ensuring to the purchaser the luxury of eggs that are really "fresh." But all this is, perhaps, a digression. What I wish to insist on is that the employment of female workers would materially assist English farmers to tide over their present difficulties, and that the women might

¹ North of the Tay the hired female outworker is practically unknown, although on the smaller holdings the farmer's female relatives occasionally assist in the fields during the busy season.

also assist in the subsidiary industry of poultry-farming.

But the employment of women does not exhaust the alternatives to boy labor. In many districts there are amongst the unemployed considerable numbers of elderly men—men at any rate who are over the military age. Work, it is true, is exceptionally brisk at the ship-building yards, and certain engineering establishments are running practically night and day. There are other industries, however, which have suffered seriously since the great Powers of Europe unsheathed their swords in the early days of August. A return prepared by Mr. G. A. Appleton, Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, shows that the conditions are bad in the cotton trade,² in the building trades, in the furnishing trades, and in the fishing industry. The dockers, too, have lost rather than gained. Among the dockers and the laborers in the building trades are many old farm workers, whose services might be secured through the Labor Exchanges were the farmers prepared to offer reasonable terms.

It is true that female labor and adult male labor will cost more than the few coppers daily with which the farmer remunerates boys of 12 or 14, but in these days of soaring prices, that should not be a serious obstacle. Wheat to-day is selling at 60s. per quarter, and bullocks at £2 10s. per cwt. The cost of feeding stuffs and of certain kinds of artificial manures has no doubt increased, and in many localities farm laborers have received an increase of wages, but, notwithstanding these additional burdens, it is no exaggeration to say that the profits of British farmers have increased by 50 per cent since the out-

break of the war. The increase in the cost of living has imposed no additional burden on the shoulders of the farmer, who grows the bulk of his foodstuffs on his own fields.

It is highly probable, too, that the present emergency will lead to the increased use of labor-saving machinery in the agricultural industry. There is still considerable scope in that direction for the enterprising farmer. To-day, on up-to-date dairy farms, milking by machinery is taking the place of the old-time milk-maid, whose disappearance was lamented by Mr. Chaplin. The milking machines are neither costly nor cumbersome, and there is no reason why they should not be far more largely used by farmers who are confronted by a scarcity of milkers. Certain other labor-saving machines are admittedly more costly, but even that is not an insuperable obstacle. There should be no difficulty in organizing a system of mutual help with the heavier kinds of farm work, and co-operation in the use of labor-saving machinery in order to tide over a passing emergency. I am convinced that when our English farmers and our Scotch farmers realize that it "pays," even in a commercial sense, to treat their workmen well and give them wages that will keep them in decency and comfort, when they have secured the services of women for the lighter kinds of field work, and given them reasonably good conditions, when they have eliminated waste by co-operative effort and by the application to agriculture of the latest labor-saving devices—when they have done all these things, there will be no need whatever to resort to boy labor. Moreover, they will, at the same time, have done something to lift British agriculture out of the rut into which it has fallen, and establish it on a firmer and more prosperous basis.

William Diack.

² Statistics published since the foregoing was written show that there has been an improvement in the cotton trade during the past few weeks.

The Contemporary Review.

POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

CHAPTER XVII.

One afternoon Pierre Gérard, whose sudden rise to fame had in no way affected his simple mode of living, had cooked and eaten his modest lunch alone in his studio and was modelling the head of a young lad, when he heard a knock at the door. He hurried to open it, and found himself face to face with an old man, tall, white-bearded, and black-haired, who was so picturesque in his dark clothes, his wide-brimmed, soft felt hat, and his long, flowing tie, knotted in an artistic bow—that at first he took him to be a professional model. He was soon undeceived, however, by the tone of his visitor's voice. The old man, evidently overstrained by the six flights of stairs he had mounted, was leaning on his stick, gasping for breath.

"Monsieur Pierre Gérard?" he inquired.

Pierre bowed. "I am Pierre Gérard at your service," he said. And, perceiving his visitor's fatigue:

"Won't you come in and sit down? These stairs are very exhausting for those who do not know them." And he smiled.

Seated on one of Pierre's rush-bottomed seats the stranger, who evidently was a man of few words, inquired:

"You are the author of the piece of sculpture now on view at the *Salon*, called *Mignon*?"

Pierre bowed again. "Yes, Monsieur."

The old man looked at Pierre in silence for a few moments.

"Is it still for sale?"

"It has never been for sale at all!" said Pierre quietly, in a definite tone that would have silenced any other man than the old stranger. His, however, was so strong, so compelling a

personality that Pierre felt no hurt at his insistence.

"Ah!" and the old man peered at Pierre as if questioning himself concerning this clever young artist. "A commission, then?" He spoke tentatively. And, as Pierre did not answer at once, he added somewhat eagerly: "A portrait, perhaps?"

"No, it is neither a commission nor a portrait, Monsieur." Again Pierre's tone was so final that it would have put an end to the questioning of any other but this persistent interlocutor.

"Then you do not wish to sell?"

The old man's keen, sad eyes travelled rapidly around the poor studio, noting all the signs of poverty there and indicating his interest.

"No, I prefer not to sell, Monsieur, unless it be to the State. But even then I would rather not!"

"Ah!" said the stranger. "Would it be indiscreet to ask your reasons?"

"Private reasons," said Pierre, curtly, and his tone denoted his request for no further questions upon the subject.

With a sigh of regret the old man rose wearily on to his feet and held out his hand.

"I regret your decision, Monsieur. . . . I regret it very much. . . . I am not a rich man—far from it—but I would have made a great sacrifice to possess, if only a mask of your *Mignon*." He stopped suddenly and drew in his breath softly, as if the subject were too painful to explain his reasons for wishing to buy Pierre's work. Pierre felt inclined to ask him why he so ardently desired the figure, but the taciturn dignity of the old man silenced even this irrepressible child of Paris.

The stranger shook his hand and hobbled towards the door with a re-

signed expression of baffled hope upon his face that touched Pierre's kindly heart. As he reached the door, with his hand upon the knob, he turned round to Pierre.

"If you only knew how disappointed I am not to be able to possess even a plaster cast of that face!" he said, pointing to the *Mignon*, of which a replica was placed at one end of the studio, and turning once more to Pierre with his scrutinizing gaze as if to investigate his very soul. "You have your reasons, of course, for not wishing to sell, and I am forced to respect them, whatever they may be. . . . But if I could only say *why* I so desired to have that work of art! . . . Why I so terribly hoped to possess it." And he sighed again as his eyes remained riveted upon the *Mignon* as if they could not leave it.

There was such dignity in the old man's attitude, though such pleading in his voice, that Pierre felt him to be truly a prey to anguish and despair at the thought of relinquishing all hope of securing its possession.

"It is the sole thing I have coveted, indeed the only *human* desire for ownership that I have known for many, many years," pursued the stranger. "I never even dreamed that I should want anything of my own again. . . . I had given up every personal hope or wish I ever had in my life." . . . And after a few moments' silence he again ventured—speaking in an altered tone:

"I implore you to forgive my insistence, Monsieur. But since you will not sell the original, could you not do me a small replica or even a plaster cast of the face alone? As I told you, I am not a rich man—far from it, but I would pay you any sum you care to ask me for that head—provided that materially I could compass it?"

Pierre made a gesture that sug-

gested it was not a question of price.

"Believe me, I am more distressed than I can say to be forced to refuse your request, but I cannot *possibly* sell that bust or any replica of it of any kind." . . .

The old man did not speak, but he took a few steps back and stood once more before the bust, gazing long upon the dreamy, yearning face. . . . Tears sprang to his eyes, in spite of his fierce will to repress them.

"It might almost be the portrait of the woman I loved—long, long ago . . . so long ago that it seems to me now almost as if it were in another life" . . . he murmured under his breath, as if to himself. . . . And his eyes never left the still, white face before him.

"It is almost the portrait of the woman I love now!" echoed Pierre in his heart. But he, too, was silent, and a tense feeling lived in the atmosphere between the two men.

Then, after a few moments, the old man spoke again, as if to himself alone:

"I do not even know whether she is alive or dead! . . . We were so cruelly separated. . . . It was for political reasons, for she knew well that she was my only love. But duty to my ideals called me away from her! . . . I was forced to abandon her! . . . and God knows—if there be a God—how it broke my heart! . . . For twenty years I languished in a distant prison cell—a political prisoner—far from her, without news of her even . . . and not one of the terrible hardships I had to endure there was comparable to my anguish at being separated from her. . . . Since I have recovered my freedom, I have searched for her everywhere without avail. . . . And though I am proud—yes, proud and content—to have served my cause as I served it during those twenty years of incarceration in a filthy

dungeon—I would give all that now remains to me of life to meet my lost love once more!" . . .

Looking at his strange visitor Pierre was as struck with the man's splendid strength and wistful tenderness as with his noble dignity. He was so touched by what he had just heard that he suddenly felt inspired to tell the old man his own reasons for refusing to sell the *Mignon*.

"Monsieur," he said, and he spoke in a low, husky voice, "I am profoundly touched by what you have just said, and as you have been so kind as to give me a part of your sad reasons for wishing to possess this"—and he laid his hand upon the *Mignon's* shoulder—"I think that I owe you *my* reasons for refusing to sell. . . . I am certain that you will understand them. If the *Mignon* is the portrait of the woman you once loved it is also the portrait of a young girl whom I love. . . . And just as you are separated from your beloved I, too, have lost all hope of ever finding my *Mignon* again! . . . And I do not even know her name! . . . But as I have used her beautiful face for my bust and as the work I have done has brought me fame and glory . . . that is enough. I cannot—even if it were untold wealth—make money out of so divine, so deep an inspiration. . . . No—Monsieur, ask me no more. . . . I cannot." . . .

And Pierre looked at the old man with his sad eyes, from which all the gaiety and youthfulness had fled. His sincerity could not be doubted. The old stranger held out his hand and grasped that of the young man.

"That is enough, my lad. . . . I will no longer insist . . . I understand. . . . Never make business out of your ideals. No one better than I can understand such scruples and respect them. . . . We will say no more about this."

And again the two men clasped hands in silence.

Then the old stranger, with a gesture of renouncement, moved back again into the centre of the room. He felt he wanted to know more about this young man who had conscientious principles. He sank into the wicker chair once more.

"Do you mind if I rest here a little longer, Monsieur? Those stairs of yours are indeed appalling to surmount, and I am an old soldier with a broken leg"—and with his stick he indicated the leg that lay out straight before him. "I got a bullet there"—and he pointed to the precise spot with the end of his stick—"when fighting for the French in 1870—though I'm not a Frenchman! It has doubtless found itself very comfortable in my old skin, for it has stayed there since then, Monsieur!"

Pierre smiled his sympathy, and taking a soft down cushion—the only one in the studio—from another wicker chair, put it behind his visitor's back, and said:

"Stay there as long as you like, and make yourself comfortable, please, Monsieur. . . . I shall be charmed to have your company. . . . Do you smoke?"—and he offered his guest his open cigarette-case. The stranger took a cigarette in silence and lit it, and Pierre pursued, turning the revolving stand at the right angle and taking up a wet lump of clay:

"Will you excuse me if I get on with this? I can afford to lose no time. . . . I am expecting my master—the great Cavell—here this afternoon . . . to have a look at this" . . . and he slabbled on a great piece of clay near the shoulder of the wet bust and modelled it carefully and precisely with the hand of a master, as he spoke.

"He promised he would come and give me some little advice I want con-

cerning this fellow"—and he patted the curly head of the bust. "He is a dear old man, my master, and I prize his advice above all things . . . even when he abuses me the most," he said, smiling. "I am expecting him every moment now." Pierre glanced up at the small clock that ticked loudly from a table near the divan.

"Don't move," he added quickly, as his visitor tried to rise. . . . "Don't move. . . . I am delighted to have your company. . . . As for dear old Cavell, if he finds you here he won't eat you, I can assure you!" . . .

Almost at that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Here he is!" cried Pierre, as he rushed to open.

The *cher Maître* entered hurriedly. He was a frank, open-hearted person—as could be seen at once.

"Ah! Pierre, *mon garçon!*" . . . and he mopped his streaming face, for the day was hot and the staircase steep. . . . "I hope you'll soon have enough glory, and therefore money, to be installed in a more comfortable studio! . . . and with less stairs to climb! . . . Whew! How hot it is up here!"

And he mopped his brow anew. Then, having bowed to the stranger, he tumbled into the empty wicker chair and let his eyes roam about the bare room, and soon they alighted upon the wet clay bust upon which Pierre had just been working. He sprang out of his seat as if he had been shot.

"*Bon Dieu! Quel sacré tempérament* the boy has!" he exclaimed. "This is good," he said, pointing to the lad's head. "Less effective, perhaps, but quite as promising as the *Mignon*."

Pierre glowed with satisfaction, but had no time to say a word before his loquacious master broke out again.

"It's really good . . . I like that broad, fearless treatment you have.

. . . But don't exaggerate it too much, though. . . . The way you swipe on the clay is amusing! Be careful though, my boy, be careful. . . . Passion and inspiration are necessary enough, but don't let them fly away with you entirely. . . . Restraint . . . discipline . . . these are most necessary, too, with a *sacré tempérament* like yours, *mon Pierre!* But what a pity, what a thousand pities!" he added, in a tone of desolation. "What a thousand pities it is that you can't spend a few months in Rome and in Florence, my boy! Why, it would make all the difference in the world to you now! . . . You'd learn more there in a week than I could drum into you in a year! You'll *tâtonner* and fool around, wasting your time to get at what a mere glimpse of Rome would teach you in a jiffy! Couldn't you really manage even only a few weeks there, Pierre, really?"

"Alas!" said Pierre, dejectedly. . . . "Alas!"

And Cavell rushed on:

"*Bon Dieu de bon Dieu!* If I hadn't that extravagant young wife of mine and my four kids to think of and keep in shoe-leather and schooling, I'd send you there myself, my boy! That I would! You could do the whole thing for a thousand-franc note. . . . And it is ten thousand pities that you can't!"

Pierre looked very sad for a few moments, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it can't be done now, *cher Maître*, so there's no use worrying. . . . Perhaps a little later." . . .

"Later on! Why, of course you will, my boy. . . . But it's *now* that you need it . . . not later on when you've plodded for years in a groove and lost a lot of precious time." . . .

But Pierre shrugged his shoulders again resignedly and said nothing. There was, indeed, nothing to say.

The hot summer sun shining through

the top light of the studio burned right on to the bald pate of the *cher Maître*. . . .

"*Mâtin!*" broke in Cavell, mopping his skull. "It's hot here under your skylight, *Maître Pierre*! Do you happen to have a drink by you?" . . .

"Yes . . . if you'll wait a moment." . . . And he caught up his hat even before the two men could stop him, and was already half-way down the stairs before either could remonstrate and on his way to the *marchand de vins* opposite the door of his house. He rapidly provided himself with two bottles of fresh, cool beer and two extra tumblers, and then leapt back up the six flights of stairs again.

Meanwhile the two old men left alone exchanged a few remarks.

"What do you really think of this young man's future, *cher Maître*?" asked the old, long-bearded stranger. Although he had the air of being a strong, and probably well-known personality, he did not introduce himself to Cavell any more than he had done to Pierre, and so far neither the young artist nor his master was aware of the stranger's name. But he had the air of being "someone" of importance, and inspired confidence at once.

"What do I really think of Pierre Gérard's work?" exclaimed Cavell. "Why! I think he is one of the most promising of our younger men. . . . He is full of originality and ability. . . . What a pity it is, though, that he cannot afford to spend those few months in Italy! They might be the making of him!" . . .

"You might as well suggest that I should go and spend a few months in the moon!" broke in Pierre's cheerful voice, as he re-entered the room at this moment and carefully deposited upon the table the two bottles of light French beer and the common drinking-glasses, which he had borrowed from the *marchand de vins*.

"He is so poor and yet refuses to sell the *Mignon*! . . . What a fine character the lad has!" . . . murmured the old stranger to himself.

Pierre, having uncorked the beer, busied himself about the process of serving it with particular care. He had heard the old man's whispered words, but did not appear to have heard.

Cavell's keen ear had also caught the remark. He looked at both men with the air of demanding an explanation. As no one ventured it, he turned towards Pierre.

"What is that Monsieur is saying? . . . Do I understand that he has offered to purchase the *Mignon* and that you have been fool enough to refuse?" . . .

"Yes," said Pierre after a few moments' hesitation. "Yes . . . I do not wish to sell the *Mignon*." . . .

"Not sell the *Mignon*! Why Pierre, my boy . . . you must be mad!" cried Cavell with his usual frank brutality. "What's the good of producing good work if you won't sell it when you get someone clever enough to appreciate it! Why, lad, you could go to Italy for a year on the money of the *Mignon*, if Monsieur, here, is inclined to pay the price it is really worth! . . . Besides, Monsieur," turning round and addressing the old man himself. . . . "Even if you give a goodly sum now for the *Mignon* you'll be doing a fine bit of business for yourself too. . . . In a few years Pierre Gérard's work will be bought up by amateurs at ten times the price—and more even—than it is worth now!" And turning again towards Pierre: "Really, Pierre, you must be mad!"

"I may seem foolish, perhaps," said Pierre. . . . "I'll take any other commission Monsieur may like to offer me. But I can't part with the *Mignon* to a private customer. . . . I might sell to

the State. . . . But even so, I'd rather not." . . .

"Well! the probabilities are that the State will purchase it, anyway," said Cavell, turning his attention to the clay statue. "For there's a great future for the man that modelled this." . . .

"Those useful months in Italy are much to be regretted, evidently." It was the old stranger who spoke.

"It's a crime, Monsieur, a crime, I tell you!" vociferated Cavell, "and Pierre must be a madman not to sell and be off to Italy at once!"

"Oh! I'll do without my education now and take it when I'm richer . . . later on," declared Pierre, with a sigh of resignation. "Don't take the heart out of me, *Maitre*," he added, pleadingly . . . looking straight at Cavell and trying hard to keep the tones of disappointment out of his voice—which effort did not escape the old man's ears, "don't pity me too much," he insisted. "I fully realize all that my poverty forces me to renounce! But I'm going to try hard to acquire some talent nevertheless," and his hand caressed lovingly the cheek and throat of the wet clay bust before him.

But Cavell was not to be convinced. He guessed that Pierre would not part with the *Mignon* for sentimental reasons. And being an artist before all other things, he considered Pierre's determination as mere absurd quixotism. . . . Shortly afterwards he took his departure with renewed words of admiration and encouragement and deep disapproval of Pierre's lack of business instinct.

The mysterious old stranger, who still had not given his own name, gave no sign of leaving yet. He lit another cigarette and yet another, and Pierre returning to his work, in which he was soon absorbed again, let the old man talk and question him, smoking in perfect freedom. He had taken a

great and sudden liking to the old fellow, who, leaning heavily upon his stick, went the round of the studio several times, investigating each piece of modelling—each study—with deep attention, evincing a knowledge and taste for sculpture that Pierre was delighted to discover. And the old man saw, too, much more than the *maquettes* and studies and half-finished pieces of work that yet revealed so much application, such conscientious effort on the part of the young sculptor. He could see the signs of poor yet high living, the signs that are unmistakable for those who know how to interpret them—of the lad's determination to succeed by every legitimate effort of work and self-denial. He understood the bravery and courage of the lad in fighting his way in the most difficult of Arts, and the proud frugality of his life in the signs of the simple, poverty-stricken studio. He could realize, too, the artist's love of the beautiful and his equal love of the cleanly and healthy by his tub and toilette articles in the space cut off as a *cabinet de toilette*. He could read his frugality and taste of fitness and nicety in the clean earthenware utensils that held the cold soup, the eggs and butter in his tiny larder, put by in the small wire safe just outside the studio window. . . . And the old man, who knew these signs, understood Pierre's fine character, for he too had struggled against many forces for the achievement of an ideal. And he realized that the young man possessed a robust will akin to his own.

Meanwhile, though he never left his work for an instant, Pierre was cheerfully answering his visitor's questions concerning his family origin and his fight with his own people for independence and the pursuance of his art.

"Don't talk to me of family affec-

tion . . . of family love, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, and the old man discovered in the boy's tone the first trace of bitterness he had shown so far against his fate. . . . "Don't try and impress upon me the kindness of one's own people. . . . You never get any encouragement from your own people but encouragement to follow their own advice. . . . If you want to strike out a new line for yourself you only meet with cruel opposition. . . . My formula to describe the family is this: They are a set of natural enemies offered to you by Providence in order to teach you how to form your own character . . . or rather, I should say, your temper!

"If you want every one of your most cherished hopes dashed ruthlessly to the ground—go to your family.

"If you want every feather plucked ruthlessly out of your wings—go to your family.

"If you want to be disheartened, misunderstood, and made perfectly miserable—go to your family. They'll do that better for you than any stranger.

"If you want to have each of your defects pointed out to you and magnified ten times over, so that they loom awful and threatening on the horizon of your future, and if you want all your poor little qualities stamped out of existence—go to your family. They will do that beautifully for you!" . . .

"Yes," said the old man at last. "I know the stultifying processes of the family too, my lad!" . . .

And he laughed a sad, sardonic laugh.

It was now about three o'clock, and they had been talking together thus for nearly two hours. And though Pierre told the stranger freely all there was to know about himself he noticed that the old man made no parallel confidences, for he had not even yet told him his name. But

Pierre discreetly held his silence and asked no questions.

Suddenly the old man demanded:

"Have you any idea what it would cost for you to spend six months in Italy as your master suggested?"

"Oh! heaps of money," replied Pierre, laughing. . . . "I couldn't contemplate it for a moment. . . . Even if I were economy incarnate I could not manage it under at least a thousand francs!" . . .

"Have you not made any sort of calculation as to the exact cost?" asked the old man. . . .

"I don't want to," replied Pierre. "What would be the use? It would work out to about a thousand francs, though. . . . I have gone so far as to reckon up that at least!" And Pierre shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He was annoyed that the old man should insist upon the point, as it was useless to increase his own unhappiness on the subject. And in angry rage he flung another large dab of clay on to the shoulder of his model.

The old man sat still and silent for a few moments longer and Pierre, anxious to lose no more time than was necessary upon this distressing subject, gave his whole attention to his modelling.

"Please excuse me, sir. . . . But I *must* get on with this bust. . . . I am delighted to have your company, but I want to finish this while I've still daylight." . . .

And so saying he set to work with renewed vigor. The old man watched his deft movements for a few moments more and then he suddenly leaned forward over the arm of the wicker chair:

"If you really think and feel, as your master does, that those months in Italy are absolutely necessary to your work, I shall be much pleased to give you the money!"

Pierre turned suddenly round and faced the old man, letting the wet lump of clay he held fall to the ground with a dull thud. For a few moments he was too surprised to speak. He half doubted the testimony of his own ears and entirely doubted the sanity of his visitor. Then suddenly he found his voice and burst into loud, ringing laughter. . . .

"You give me a thousand francs! But why should you, Monsieur?"

"Well! why shouldn't I?" replied the old man.

"But you don't know me, Monsieur! . . . You know nothing about me!"

"There your judgment is at fault, my boy. . . . I know a great deal about you. . . . And I know, among other things, that you deserve all help and are worthy of all interest. . . . Your master says there is a great future for you. . . . Well, then, take it!"

The old man rose and, bending on his stick, limped across the floor and laid his hand upon Pierre's shoulder.

"I understand your character and talent sufficiently to know that I am not making a mistake, young man. . . . Go to Italy, learn what there is for you to learn there, and then come back and be a great sculptor. I assure you that I shall be more than rewarded if I have helped you a little." . . .

Noting the surprise and hesitation of the young man, who still resisted his offer, he added:

"There is a sort of family that is not the family of blood, my son. . . . When the members of that family meet they recognize one another at once. . . . I recognized you, my boy. . . . Have no fear. . . . Take this money as you would take it from your own father!" . . .

And, as he spoke, the old man drew out his pocketbook and handed Pierre

a folded paper. It was a thousand-franc note.

"What's that?" asked Pierre, still incredulous.

"It's the money for your travels in Italy," replied the old man. . . .

Pierre looked down at the note, which he took in a gingerly manner as if it were unreal and would fade away soon into nothingness.

Then with a peal of laughter he held it up before his eyes, and contemplated it with awe.

"I've never held so much money in my hand at one time, in all my life!" he declared.

Then suddenly all the fund of *gavrochism* which lies at the heart of almost every French artist and preserves the sunniness of their youth often to an advanced age, awoke in Pierre's unbelieving mind, and taking the hand of his visitor he grasped it so firmly that the old man winced.

"I tell you what, Monsieur! . . . I don't know what all this means, nor do I even know who you are in the very least! . . . But if this is genuine, and not a trick played upon me by you—though what reason you'd have for it I really can't see!—all I can say, now is that you are a jolly good sort! I'm grateful beyond words. And if you are not making fun of me . . . I'll . . . I'll invite you to dinner. . . . That I will! At my own restaurant, too—this very evening! . . .

"But"—he added, speaking in a deeper voice and looking straight into the eyes of the old man as he spoke—"if you are humbugging me—though looking at you now I really cannot think you are—even if you are old enough to be my father, I'll give you . . . take my word for it! . . . I'll give you the Devil, Sir. . . . Do you understand?"

The old man made no answer to Pierre's threat, but smiled grimly and taking up his hat merely remarked:

"Let's go down to the Bank that is near the corner of the street on the Boulevard. . . . It will close at four and it's nearly that now. You can change your note there and convince yourself that I am not a fraud as you seem to fear. . . . Come along."

Pierre caught up his hat, and, tucking his arm into that of the old man, said laughing:

"Very well. . . . I'll reserve my opinion of you till then. . . . But I won't thank you yet and neither will I let you go away till I know. . . . You will come with me to that Bank."

And joyously he hustled the old man forward. . . . "Lean on my arm if your leg won't go quickly enough. . . . But I must be sure quickly as to your identity, and must know whether you are an angel in disguise or a fraud." . . .

"Oh!" said the old man gently, as they made for the door arm-in-arm, "you'll find that like most people in this world, I'm neither entirely the one nor entirely the other. . . . I'm merely a lonely human being, who has no hope for his own future and is comforted when he can perform small deeds of usefulness for others." . . .

"Wait a moment!" cried Pierre suddenly. "I've forgotten something." And letting go his hold upon the stranger's arm he rushed towards a shelf in the studio that held a small plaster mask of his *Mignon*.

"Though I refuse to *sell* my *Mignon*, Monsieur," he said breathlessly, "there is no reason why I should not *give* a small copy of my work to a private friend—is there? Take this—with my gratitude, Monsieur."

And looking at the old man straight in the eyes as he spoke, he held out the small mask. The stranger received the gift in silence, and Pierre continued hurriedly, as if to prevent him from speaking:

"If you like, you can consider it as

the interest on your money while I am acquiring artistic knowledge, thanks to you." . . . His eyes strove to be joyous, but his voice was husky as he pulled the old man's arm through his own once more.

"You said that I might be a fraud!" reminded the old man with a faint smile as he reverently placed the gift in the deep recess of his great-coat pocket.

"Well! even if you are a fraud—for you really seem too good to be true, even yet!" replied the irrepressible young fellow—"you may keep that as a reward for the delightful hope you have given me to-day! It is not often one gets such happy shocks!" . . .

Then he carefully led the old man down the stairs, going first down each step to help his limping friend. The old man said nothing more, but as he went down, from time to time, he slipped his hand into the deep pocket of his coat, where he had placed the small cast of the *Mignon's* head and caressed the still white image of the woman he had loved. . . .

At the Bank Pierre asked for the change for his note in gold pieces while the old man stood by his side and smiled his sad smile. The clerk handed Pierre fifty golden *louis* over the counter in exchange for his note. Pierre flashed a look at the old man as they turned and went out of the bank, but said nothing. His heart was very full. Outside on the pavement he stopped, raised his hat, and stood bareheaded before the old stranger. Tears were in his eyes.

"Monsieur, I beg your pardon for my misgivings and my impertinence in expressing them. . . . I cannot find words to thank you." . . . The moisture in his eyes shone as he looked at the old man with gratitude.

"I do not think that in my heart, I really doubted you, Monsieur. . . . You have performed this day a good

action for which I shall be eternally grateful . . . and of which I shall do all in my power to prove myself worthy." . . .

"That's all right, my boy" . . . said the stranger, linking his arm again within Pierre's. . . . "And now, when do you start for Rome?"

"To-morrow morning," replied Pierre, promptly. "There's no time to be lost . . . now. . . . Is there? I am going back this minute to my studio to pack and put aside the boy's bust, which is finished now. . . . If you have nothing better to do I should be charmed to have your company at dinner to-night," he said, turning towards the stranger and laughing with amusement at his own effrontery. . . .

"Thank you," replied the old man. "I too have business to attend to now, but I shall be happy to dine with you later. . . . Now confess," he added, smiling, "that you are delighted to discover that I'm not a fraud!"

Pierre flushed to the roots of his curly brown hair.

"Please forgive that piece of impudence, Monsieur," he said. "Be generous in that, as in all." . . .

The old man smiled again the reluctant, grim smile of one who smiles rarely and never laughs. He held out his hand in sign of forgiveness.

"Well, go to your packing, my boy." . . . And as he was turning to leave him he suddenly remembered and faced Pierre once more, asking:

"Here, tell me where to find that poisonous restaurant of yours—and at what hour do you dine?"

"Seven-thirty is the hour if it suits you, sir," said Pierre, and he gave the address of the "poisonous restaurant," which was of course the happy spot where he had first met Maryvonne. But he said nothing of that to the stranger.

Later, as they entered together the large front room of Mille's restaurant,

a glance told Pierre that Maryvonne was not there to-night and to him the crowded room seemed empty. Indeed for the last few weeks she had not appeared at the restaurant at all. But Pierre could not know that that was because old Pomm—the "*bourgeois* father" whom Pierre so unjustly mistrusted—had made fresh arrangements with Mélanie. Henceforth, in view of Marie's marriage and her undertaking with her husband to relieve Mélanie of the responsibilities of the *loge*, Mélanie herself was to devote all her time to Pomm and his ward, serving them as a regular servant, though sleeping at the *loge* with her daughter and her husband. So that now there was no need for Pomm and Maryvonne to go out to their meals, which they now took in the small study that served also as a dining-room.

But these details the sorrowful Pierre could, of course, not know. He was broken-hearted to note that day after day, evening after evening, Maryvonne was no longer to be seen at the restaurant. . . . In his heart of hearts he accused the "old *bourgeois*" who—poor man!—was, as we know, entirely innocent of Pierre's discomfiture, considering that even still he ignored Pierre's existence entirely! Like all true lovers Pierre beat his brain to try to find out why the old man and his daughter had abandoned the restaurant Mille. In vain had he questioned Gustave and all his colleagues, in vain had he appealed to the excellent Mille, in vain by means even of bribery and corruption had he sought for information concerning the unknown girl who had so unwittingly influenced his career. He could learn from no one their whereabouts or her story! Though Maryvonne's image was gaining for itself the interest of half the artistic world of Paris, and though she had inspired him to the creation of a masterpiece—he could

not even find out her name! He did not even now know whether she had seen him drawing her portrait . . . or not! He was inclined to think that she had noticed his indiscretion—for indiscretion it surely was, there could not be the least doubt of that and he was quite prepared to admit it—and he quite understood that if she had perceived his machinations and had informed her father of them, the "old bourgeois," as he persisted in calling poor unoffending and innocent Pomm, would have prevented her from returning to the restaurant again. As a matter of fact there was, of course, no such reason for the absence of the two people from the restaurant, and Pierre, like all lovers, was imagining many things that did not exist. Nevertheless, with the ever buoyant hope of love he still believed that some evening or another they would return to the restaurant and that he would have the delight of meeting her again.

But he said nothing of all this to the stranger who had accompanied him this evening, and though still keeping an eye on the door of the establishment so that no entering diner could escape his notice, he allowed his optimism to prevail. The other artist *habitués* of Mille's had long given up hoping to see him again among them at their merry gatherings in the inside room. The happy days of art discussions, of joyous conversation and debate, had passed for ever for Pierre Gérard. He no longer sought his former companions, nor delighted in brilliant artistic controversy. He was now more a lover than an artist, and all his thoughts and hopes were bound up in the reappearance of the unknown girl who had inspired his *Mignon*.

During the meal that evening Pierre chatted gaily with his new companion, who never ceased plying him with questions concerning himself and his Art, and who seemed to take

so great a personal interest in him.

In turn, but only by degrees, did the old man allow himself to be drawn out by Pierre. It was very evident that his usual attitude was one of reticence and instinctive distrust so far as his own affairs were concerned. But the lad's genial interest led him to unburden himself as rarely he had done before to a stranger. He explained that he was of an old Italian family whose members were all possessed with a ferocious love of Liberty and entirely rebellious ideals. When quite young he had held advanced political convictions and to these he had promised himself, even at an early age, to devote his life. He had founded an important socialistic society at a time in Italy's history when her rulers would brook no opposition to their policy of repression and had thrown in his lot with Mazzini and Garibaldi. He had devoted himself to the cause of the weak and oppressed and so had endangered his personal liberty in his own country. He had always sided with the weaker side in every land, and in 1870 had fought with the French, refusing all honors in reward. After the war his convictions had led him to side with those of the Commune, for which preference he was relegated with others to New Caledonia. Here he had remained for ten years until the armistice had released him. Later, having wished to return to his country, he had been apprehended upon an entirely false charge—without any real trial at all—crimes he had never committed having been falsely imputed to him, and unjustly he had been flung into a dungeon for another ten years, thus expiating no other crime but his love of Liberty for one and all! Since his second release he had abandoned militancy but still pursued his propaganda in the form of writing, collaborating with all the larger Revolutionary organs.

This bare outline of his very chequered existence the old stranger related to Pierre. But no more. He merely stated simple facts, not once judging his oppressors, nor bearing ill feeling to any human being. Of his personal affections and feelings he did not speak. His character appeared to be formed of the perfect components of great strength and unlimited tenderness for all humanity. He was just and equitable in all his appreciations and expatiated neither upon his personal sufferings nor his wasted years. Yet it was clear that even twenty years of incarceration and privations had not extinguished the intense fire of his high convictions nor lessened the fervor of his devotion to them.

The story of his new friend so interested Pierre that he almost forgot that he was to leave for Italy early the next morning. It was past ten o'clock when he looked up at the clock. He started violently and caught up his hat:

"Alas! Monsieur! Listening to your impressive story, I am forgetting that I must start to-morrow morning early for Italy!" And he could not repress the thrill of delight in the words "starting for Italy!" It was only at the very last moment, as the two men were parting on the doorstep of the Mille restaurant, that it occurred to Pierre to inquire for the name of his new acquaintance!

(To be continued.)

They had agreed to keep in touch with one another henceforth and Pierre remarked to the old man, laughing:

"Do you know, Monsieur, that you have befriended me and done so much for my future this day, and yet even now I do not know your name!"

"That does not matter," said the stranger.

"Oh, yes! it does matter," rejoined Pierre. "It is not a question of curiosity, I assure you, Monsieur. But if I am to write to you from Italy, as you suggest, to *whom* must I address my letters and *where* must I send them?"

The old man hesitated and reflected for a few moments. Then he said:

"Address your letters to Monsieur Alto, Charing Cross Hotel, London."

"To London?" Pierre spoke in amazement, seemingly puzzled.

"Yes. At the time you leave for Italy—I leave for London, and shall be there for some time. Anyway, that address always finds me. Good-bye." And without any further explanation and without another smile of farewell the mysterious old man who had come so suddenly and so opportunely into his life turned from him and left him standing in wonder at the portals of Mille's restaurant, while the dark shadows of the night enveloped him in their gloom and he disappeared from sight. . . .

WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

Germany declares that at the outbreak of this present war she had no sinister intentions against England, and that England has engaged in hostilities for the purpose of checking the natural expansion of the German nation. England, on the other hand, is

convinced that moral obligations towards other countries alone compelled her, against her will, to enter into hostilities against Germany, whilst Germany is bent upon the annihilation of British supremacy both naval and commercial. History will eventually

locate the responsibility for the world-wide crime now being perpetrated. But in the meanwhile it is left for individuals to form their own judgment. I propose in the following pages to relate the incidents which led to the formation of such a judgment on the part of one who had always been a friend and admirer of the German nation—and an ardent Pacifist.

On Tuesday, August 18th, I went to Brussels, at the invitation of the Belgian Croix Rouge, to make arrangements for the establishment of a hospital which was to be staffed by a unit composed of women, with myself as directress. I went in advance of the unit, and was accompanied by my husband and by a clergyman of the Church of England, who had volunteered their services respectively as hon. treasurer and as chaplain to the hospital. On the evening of Wednesday 19th the Croix Rouge offered me as *locale* the beautiful buildings of the University. They at the same time cabled to my unit to come out immediately. The next morning—Thursday, 20th—the work of transformation of class-rooms and lecture halls into wards, operating rooms, kitchens, bedrooms, &c., was in full swing, additional water and gas were being laid on, and the establishment of a first-class hospital for the wounded soldiers of the Allies was in process of organization.

At one o'clock I went to my hotel to lunch, and on returning to the University at 2 P.M. I was surprised to see the whole population of Brussels hurrying out of their houses to run and gaze at something. I followed, with my husband and friend, to the Boulevard des Jardins Botaniques, and in a few moments we found ourselves watching the German Army making a triumphant entry into the capital of Belgium. The crowds lining both sides of the broad avenue, watching the con-

tinuous procession of the enemy, were dense, and to gain a better view we made our way to the second-floor window of a restaurant facing the Gare du Nord, and nearly opposite the position taken by the German Staff officers.

The picture upon which for some hours we gazed was, indeed, remarkable. Here were the legitimate inhabitants of the capital of a nation whose territory had been safeguarded from aggression by treaties between the most civilized Governments of the world, standing in their thousands, gazing hopelessly, in dumb bewilderment, whilst the army of one of these "most civilized" Governments streamed triumphantly as conquerors through their streets. And in all those streets the only sounds were the triumphant clamping of the boots of the marching infantry, the clattering of the hoofs of the horses of the proud Uhlans and Hussars, the merciless rumbling of the wagons carrying murderous guns and also pontoons. The gazing people were silent, as though stupefied—indeed, earth, air, sky, the whole world outside that never-ending procession seemed benumbed. No one noticed whether the rain fell or the sun shone whilst, in a continuous cinema, that pitiless pageant of triumphant enmity passed, during three days and nights, through the streets of the Belgian capital, in a silence that was unforgettable.

Meanwhile, small companies of the gray-clad Army took possession, one after the other, of all the public buildings. I watched a detachment take over the large post office in the Place de la Monnaie, which was at the moment deserted of spectators. A clatter of briskly marching feet upon the cobbles, and behold a foot company of the gray uniformed Germany infantry. They halt at the bottom of the steps of the post office, then, in response to

a curt command, advance at quick march up the steps and disappear through the large swing doors. After five minutes of painful silence the doors swing open again, and this time darkly clad Belgian postal officials, disbanded, perhaps forever, walk, as though dazed, down the steps and disperse in all directions to their homes.

All idea of establishing a hospital for the Allies had, of course, to be abandoned. The Croix Rouge was taken over by the Germans, and any hospital would be commandeered for German soldiers. No one, of course, would object to nursing German wounded brought, in the natural course of events, amongst others into the wards; but hospitals of war are adjuncts of the respective armies which they serve, and money and equipment for my unit had not been subscribed for purposes of restoring the enemy to health and strength wherewith to destroy the armies of the Allies.

But I feared that in response to the Belgian Red Cross cable the unit would have started from London, journeying *via* Ostend and Alost, and as all ingress into Brussels was forbidden by the German General, might get into difficulties on the way. I therefore determined that I must get into communication with them. But from Brussels this was impossible. I must therefore, at all costs, get out of Brussels. I was told, however, by the Legations that the German General would issue no passports. I pleaded that the General might yield in my case, as the circumstances were exceptional. "Very well," was the reply, with shrugging of the shoulders; "go and see him yourself. You'll find him in the Hôtel de Ville." I hired a carriage and told the driver to go to the Hôtel de Ville. But the carriage was stopped within a street's length

of the building by German soldiers, who were stationed at intervals across the road along the whole length of the street. I left the carriage, therefore, and on foot proceeded to persuade the sentries one after the other of the urgency of my mission, and eventually found myself within the Holy of Holies which contained the almighty German General. Within the hall I waited, passively watching the countenances of the incoming German officers till I saw one likely to be sympathetic to my cause. The right countenance duly appeared, and as the owner ran up the stairs, I followed, caught him by the sleeve, told him my story, and begged him to ask the German General to let me go out of Brussels. I had made a good selection. This officer was, as he told me, married to an Englishwoman, and he was, therefore, as he explained, sympathetic to the English, and for her sake he promised to do his best to help me with the German General. He, however, returned later, saying that the General would allow no one out of Brussels, and least of all an Englishwoman. But I grew more and more anxious for news of my unit, and as no official help was forthcoming, I accepted the suggestion of a friendly cobbler to whom I was introduced. He had the intention to walk to Alost to see his son who was in the Garde Civique, and he offered to let me go with him, dressed as a peasant woman. But before he was able to start, the German General consented to allow—during one afternoon—that passes should be issued. I therefore, with my two companions, went to the Hôtel de Ville and requested passports for Alost and Ostend. To our surprise and disappointment this was refused, and we were told that only to Venlo, in neutral territory in Holland, could passes be allowed to us. With this we had to be content. We therefore went to the American Legation to get our

passports *viséed*, as the English Embassy had moved to Antwerp. We were told that in leaving Brussels and journeying to Venlo we ran risks, because, in order to reach the Dutch frontier, we should have to pass continuously through the enemy's lines. But for my part I suffered more discomfort by being in ignorance of the fate of my unit and its equipment, for which I was responsible, than was likely to be my fate—as I innocently supposed—from encountering the German Army; and I, together with my companions—who chivalrously insisted upon coming with me—determined to risk the German Army.

We hired the only taxicab in the town, and left Brussels at 6 P.M. on Monday, 24th, for Louvain—the first stage of our journey. The night was dark, and after leaving the town the road lay through dark avenues of over-arching trees. We encountered all the time a continuous succession of the gray-uniformed German cavalry—how I already hated gray!—gray artillery wagons, and the gray military motor-cars which, carrying no lights, came dashing along at breakneck speed. Continually we were halted by sentries, who spread themselves across the road; but always, upon showing our Germanized passports, we were allowed to pass, and we reached Louvain about 8 P.M.

And at once we felt a sense of coming tragedy. The streets were dark and empty of all inhabitants. They might have belonged to a city of the dead, but for the gray-uniformed figures which seemed to be automatically obeying orders from an invisible source. The windows of the houses were closely shuttered; but through the darkness and the silence we could feel the beating of the heart of a population of outraged men and women.

We drove up to a small café-hotel

and asked for supper and beds, but were told that these were all reserved for German officers, some of whom were sitting outside, smoking their after-supper cigars. They took no notice of us, and the landlord whispered that if we went inside he could give us beer, and possibly, after the officers had left, beds. Whilst we were sitting in the bar drinking our beer, two young girls and their brother came running in, terrified and sobbing piteously. We asked the cause, and found that German soldiers had just visited their father's house and ordered him to give them meat. He was poor, and told them that he only had bread in the house, whereupon the soldiers had drawn out their revolvers and threatened to shoot if meat was not produced. And the children feared the worst. We heard no more, our beds were now forthcoming, and we retired as soon as possible. In the middle of the night seven shots rang out in the square outside, and we guessed that vengeance had been wreaked on someone.

We left at five next morning—the day before Louvain was destroyed—and reached Hasselt about 8 A.M. We had difficulty in finding a café that would give us food, as this had been requisitioned for the German soldiers; but we eventually breakfasted in a small hotel opposite the station. We were standing by the taxi, ready to start again, and watching our young Belgian chauffeur trying to start the engine, when some German soldiers on guard at the station came round us, and an under-officer asked to see our passports. We showed these as usual, and had we been able to move off immediately all might have gone well; but unfortunately the engine would not work—our boy obviously did not understand the machinery—and whilst we sent for a mechanic to come and help us, more German sol-

diers came up, and another under-officer asked to see our papers. We showed them, but he was not satisfied. We showed him the official stamp of the General at Brussels, but to our dismay he replied curtly, "That's no good; it's not the signature of the General himself." He immediately called for six soldiers, and told them to surround us, and gave the order to full-cock rifles and fix bayonets. This was done with an ostentatious click and clatter. "You are prisoners," said the under-officer sharply to us; "arrested as spies. If you move, or if you talk to each other, you will be shot immediately." He then told us that we must wait (standing), in the street, orders from the Commandant, with whom he at once communicated by messenger. An hour later we were marched as prisoners, surrounded by our guard, through the streets to the Hôtel de Ville. Here we were conducted to the room of the Commandant. He showed no disposition to consider our evidence—he assumed that we were spies, and there was an end, as far as he was concerned. Our papers were taken from us, our luggage was searched, we ourselves were stripped for the minute examination of our clothes, and finally we spent the rest of the afternoon, each sitting in a corner of a large room, guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. At 5 P.M. we were again marched through the streets. This time we were accompanied by a couple of dozen fellow-prisoners—eighteen men of the Garde Civique and half-a-dozen odds and ends of other "criminals." We were followed by a silent crowd of the inhabitants of Hasselt who dared not show their sympathy, and eventually we found ourselves at the railway station. An engine and a luggage-truck, dirty with coal débris, stood on the rails. We were all told to enter the van, and soon after we were start-

ing on a journey to an unknown destination.

The engine halted at Tongres, about 7 P.M., and we were all marched to the Hôtel de Ville, where we four were parted from the other prisoners. In the hall the Major-Commandant awaited us. We were told to follow him. "Are these the spies?" he asked contemptuously. Upon hearing the reply in the affirmative, he looked over his shoulder as he moved across the hall, and asked sneeringly, "Sind Sie Englisch?" (are you English?). "Ja, mein Herr Major," I replied cheerily; "wir sind Englisch." "Ah!" he retorted, with fiendish glee, as he rubbed his hands, "dass wird mir sehr angenehm sein" (that will be very agreeable to me). It was not an encouraging beginning, but we followed him to his room, still incredulous that any harm could possibly be meant for us. I assumed he would want to see our papers, which had been returned to us at Hasselt, and I spread them on the table and began explaining them. But he refused to look at them, saying, with a sneer, that they were valueless, as we could easily have forged the letters and stolen the official paper on which they were written. "Besides, they're in English, and I'm thankful to say I don't understand English." I said I would translate them, or perhaps he had an officer on the staff who knew English. "I've no need of interpreters," he replied angrily. "These" (pointing to a map of the war which was amongst our papers, and my Kodak which had been discovered at the bottom of my Gladstone bag), "these are enough to condemn you." And then he burst into a tirade of abuse of the English nation. His voice and tone were like that of a mad dog. There was no word in the German language bad enough to express the treachery of the English people as he conceived them.

"We don't object," he snarled, "to the French fighting against us; they are our natural enemies. Or to the Belgians; they have been misled—but that the English, who have always professed friendship and unwillingness to fight—that they should come against us—their relations in blood—that was unmitigated treachery."

I suggested that personally we were not responsible for the politics of our statesmen—that we had been engaged in hospital work, when—"Your hospital would not have been used for German soldiers," he snapped. "No," I replied; "but we should have included Germans, if they had come our way." "Thank you, but we're not dependent on English women to nurse our wounded," was the gracious reply. "You are spies, and I suppose you know the fate of spies!" He told one of the officials to fetch from a shelf a large book. He opened it and pointed triumphantly upon a certain page. "You see that! The fate of a spy is to be shot within twenty-four hours. Now you know!" Then I realized that the position was serious. But I knew that with a bully of this sort everything depended upon not showing that one was afraid, and I therefore replied cheerily, as though it was an everyday commonplace to be told that one was condemned to be shot, "But, mein Herr Major, I'm sure you would not wish to commit such an injustice? Won't you at least look at our papers and see for yourself that what I have told you is right?"

And then this Devil-Major, as we subsequently called him, made a remark which opened my eyes and illumined for me the whole history of the war. "Right!" he retorted, his voice rasping with a vindictive hatred of which I had never had experience. "*You are English, and whether you are right or wrong—this is a war of annihilation!*"

Annihilation! From the personal point of view these words were ominous enough; but from a larger and national standpoint I realized that the words implied annihilation not only of England but of all that for which England stands; above all, for the perception that of all the forces on God's earth, physical force is the least effective for the accomplishment of purpose. "*You are English, and whether you are right or wrong, this is a war of annihilation!*" That phrase seemed to cut the ground from under me. If this spirit was representative of the spirit of Germany, and if Germany was, as I had assumed, representative of twentieth century civilization, where was human Progress? But at least I was brought by a short cut to a true understanding of the spirit which was actuating the German Army, and I was glad to be disillusioned concerning the inevitability of the war.

Meanwhile my husband, who spoke good German, and our friend with whom the Devil-Major had not concerned himself, had been occupied in exhibiting the contents of their Gladstone-bags to other officers. The Major now turned to us all, and roughly ordered us to go upstairs for the night. We had been given no food since the day before at mid-day, and I asked if we might now have something to eat. "No; certainly not," was the reply of the Major. "All food is reserved for German soldiers, not for English spies." Our chaplain, who spoke no German, asked me to beg for him a glass of water, as his throat was parched. "What does he say?" asked sharply the Commandant, as he went up to the chaplain. "He only wants a glass of water," I replied. "Well, he must ask for it in German." "But, mein Herr Major, he knows no German." "Then he must learn it. In future, everyone will talk German."

And he walked up to the chaplain, and shouting in his face in offensive manner, told him to repeat "was-ser trin-ken, was-ser trin-ken." I whispered to the chaplain to repeat the words. He complied, and we then followed the Major upstairs to the top floor.

We were driven into a room that was bare, except for verminous straw upon the floor. Water in tin cans was brought us to drink, and we were told to lie down on the straw, and after warning our guards that we were not to move or to talk to each other, the Devil-Major, with a look of satisfaction, then left us. We were settling down as best we could, when a tall, good-looking German officer came into the room, and, addressing himself to me, said in excellent English, in low voice, that, having heard that there were English prisoners and an Englishwoman amongst them, he had come to see if he could help us; that he was married to an Englishwoman, and he hoped we might be able to take home to England a letter from him to his wife, letting her know that he was well. "But," he continued, "how came we to be prisoners, and arrested as spies? What was it all about?" We explained, and I was asking him to help us and to try to make the Major show him our passports and hospital credentials, &c., when steps were heard upon the stairs. "Rely upon me," he replied hurriedly, in a low voice, "to do my best"—the steps were on the landing—"but"—he shrugged his shoulders—"you are in a very serious situation." To our dismay the Devil-Major, evidently suspecting the possibility of sympathy on the part of our friend, suddenly reappeared, took our officer roughly by the sleeve, and ordered him to go downstairs—and we never saw him again.¹ Then, with re-

¹ But we subsequently remembered his name and the name of the town in which his wife lived, and we have met her and told her of her husband's kindness.

newed warnings to the guards not to relax their vigilance over us, the Devil-Major left us to our reflections.

His tone had left but little loophole of hope that the intervention of the kindly officer would be effective, and if that were the case we had only a few more hours to live. It was an interesting experience, and I took careful note of the emotions which took possession of my mind. I was glad to find that fear was not amongst them. I did not at all want to die, for that would mean that I should never again see with earthly eyes those who were more than life to me. It meant that I should never again know the joy of seeing the summer sun rise; that I should never again hear the first call of the cuckoo in April, or wake in spring to hear the music of the birds at dawn, or watch the sea break in waves of opal on the rocks. Besides, I had work left unfinished. But, as I reasoned to myself, either there is Spirit and another life, or there is not. If, as I believe, there is Spirit, it matters comparatively little what may happen to the body. And if there is not spirit, if life is really at the mercy of any butchers and tyrants who may by sheer physical force have gained the power to kill, then life is not a possession to which one could with dignity desire to cling. It is under those conditions a misfire, a meaningless fiasco. I accepted the former alternative, and my only regret was that those I loved would never know how easy the end had been. They would never be able to trace us—a few shots—a little quicklime—I had seen wagon-loads passing through Brussels—and like the smoke of the powder which was to kill us, we should vanish.

Sleep was impossible, owing to the ceaseless chiming of half-a-dozen church clocks, which seemed purposely to have clustered within a few hun-

dred yards of us. The bells were all hopelessly out of tune, the tuners being presumably all at the front, and every quarter of an hour all the bells of all the clocks chimed different tunes, which lasted almost till the next quarter's chime was due. For a musical ear the discord was a nightmare, but the harsh jangle of the bells as they tumbled over each other, brutally callous to the distracting discords and to the inappropriateness of the tunes they uttered, was in keeping with the disharmony between the Ideal Life designed by God the Spirit and the present barbarous botching of that design by murderous Man.

I expected that at dawn we should be called out and shot in the courtyard, and though to my friends I gave no indications of my belief, I guessed that even if they had not heard the Major's order, that they expected it also. But I intended that the Devil-Major should see that, though he might kill the body, the spirit of the despised Englishwoman was not so easily destroyed.

The dawn—our messenger of death—drew nearer. At what hour would it come? Was there already, through the shuttered window, a gray streak of light? Our boy chauffeur—without blankets, like all of us—was cold. He was hungry, too, and frightened. I saw that he was crying, and, signalling to the guard that I was not going to speak or try to escape, I went over to the boy's corner and, taking his hand, tried to put hope and courage into him. I had just returned to my own corner when I heard a click, and looking towards the door I saw the guard put out his lamp. I knew then that the Dawn had come, and that this scene was not a dream from which I should awaken just in time. Footsteps tramped up the stairs heralding the change of guard. We were ordered to follow the new guard downstairs.

Had the end come? Or had the friendly officer been able, after all, to intervene? Apparently he had. At least, we were not taken at once to the courtyard, but were shown into a room in which was the Devil-Major. The other prisoners were also there. That seemed a good sign? We all sat on hard wooden benches for an hour, whilst the Major abused the officials and secretaries who had the misfortune to work under him. After various formalities of taking names, &c., we four were then given in charge of half-a-dozen soldiers, to whom were entrusted our papers, books, Kodak, and various other so-called incriminating possessions, wrapped in four separate parcels, and I heard, to my infinite relief, that we were to march, with our fellow-prisoners, to the railway station *en route* for Cologne, where we were to be tried for high treason. I was thankful for the reprieve, for I believed that the further we were from the centre of hostilities, the more likely we should be to meet with justice.

No food had been given us since yesterday at mid-day, and none was provided for the journey; but our guard grew interested in us little by little, and soon began to show signs of sympathy. Before long they were offering us bits of their own German sausage and drinks of cold coffee out of their water bottles. But news that the train contained English spies seemed to precede us all along the line, and whenever the train came to a halt, groups of hostile German soldiers crowded round our windows and booed and hissed and called us odious names. At one place the guard had difficulty in preventing the mob from forcing their way in and lynching us. But the climax came at Liège. As the train drew up we saw that the platform was alive with excited German soldiers and officers. They were as thick as the

bristles on the back of a hedgehog. The train was scarcely at a standstill when some officers rushed up to our door, opened it, and asked eagerly, "Are these the English spies?" "Yes," replied one of the guard who carried the parcels containing our papers. "Get out at once," shouted the officers, seizing at the same time all our papers. "No, no, we must not get out here," I remonstrated to the guards; "you were told to take us to Köln. We're to be tried at Köln, not at Liège. For goodness' sake get back those papers!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed all the officers in scornful chorus; "she doesn't want us to see her papers." And the whole crowd roared with coarse laughter at the joke.

"I shouldn't mind your seeing our papers," I replied, "if you were going to try us; but we are under orders from the Commandant at Tongres to go to Köln to be tried, and we must therefore have our papers with us."

"Ah! That's all right; we'll try you here," was the disconcerting reply. "Get out at once!"

We remonstrated, but at the point of the bayonet they compelled us to descend to the platform. The luggage was left in the carriage—the engine whistled, and the train was on the point of departure. I knew that if we were to be tried by this mad rabble, there was no chance for us.

The train was about to move; something desperate must be done immediately. I had fortunately listened carefully to the instructions that had been given to our guards, and I remembered that the Major had put into an envelope—apart from the other papers in the parcels—our passports, together with a paper on which he had written instructions regarding the destinations of the various prisoners. Class A., for instance, comprised the English spies. They were to go to

Köln. Class B. were the Garde Civique, who were to go elsewhere. Class C. had another destination. This envelope had not been snatched with the other parcels, and I noticed that it was still in the hands of one of the soldiers.

"Look! mein Herr Major," I said hurriedly, as I pointed to the envelope in the man's hand. "See for yourself that we are under orders to go to Köln. This is the order from the Commandant at Tongres." Would he take any notice? Thank goodness! He took the envelope and glanced at the contents.

"Yes—yes—well—we don't want you—you can go to Köln. Get in the train—quick!" as the train began to move. "All right," I said; "but give us back our papers!" He shouted to someone at the back of the crowd to bring back the parcels; but over the heads of all the mob I heard a voice reply: "They've been taken away—we can't get them now—they're gone." "Get in—get in," shouted the officers. We were pushed into the train, and in a moment we were steaming away towards Köln, without any of the papers which alone could have proved that we were what we said we were.

We arrived at 8 P.M., at Aix-la-Chapelle, and were told that this place, and not Köln, was to be our destination. The station platform was, as usual, packed with German soldiers, also with civilians come to watch the arrival of the wounded. Red Cross ladies were offering large baskets full of tempting-looking bread and meat to the soldiers. They had, however, been amply fed and were not hungry, and the baskets were being sent away untouched. I therefore asked the young officer who was in command if we might be allowed a small portion of food. I do not think we were hungry, but we felt a superstition that food was due. But we received the reply,

to which we were now accustomed, that good food was for German soldiers, not for English spies. We then, together with our fellow-prisoners, started to march two and two, surrounded by the guards, through the streets of Aix. We were followed by a large and ever-increasing crowd who jeered and booed and grimaced and made antics and shouted opprobrious epithets at us, and the officers in charge had difficulty in keeping the crowd away from us.

We marched for half-an-hour through the cobbled streets, and then arrived in front of the large gates of a prison. The big bell was rung and was answered by the night porter; but after some parleying, the prison officials refused to admit us, saying it was too late. We therefore started marching back again. "It's a good thing," I remarked cheerfully to the young officer, "that I'm a good walker." "It'd be all the same if you weren't," he replied sharply.

Our next halt was at the Caserne (military barracks). We were admitted and taken to spend the night in the detention cells, which had a common gangway, and told to lie on the filthy straw which had obviously housed many prisoners before us. Still no food. In the morning coffee was brought us, and we found that a species of bread was available if bought. It was almost uneatable; but a poor old woman prisoner whom we had noticed huddled up in a corner of our cell looked hungrily at our leavings. We talked to her at a moment when no one was watching, and found she had been imprisoned for the heinous crime of having been caught by some soldiers walking in the middle of the road. She had no money with her, as she was on her way to work in her village a few miles away, and she was in great distress. We were therefore thankful to be able to give

her food and money wherewith to return home when her term of imprisonment was over.

Later in the morning we were summoned, one after the other, to the room of the Juridical Officer. He examined us separately, and we were not allowed to see each other again or to hear each other's fate. At 11 P.M., not knowing what had happened to the others, I was conducted by myself, with a guard, to the prison of which we had seen the outside the night before. There I was given into the charge of wardresses, my luggage was sequestered, I was once again stripped, and all my garments carefully inspected, and subsequently, as the bells chimed midnight, I was conducted to the tiny cell which I was to occupy. The big door closed behind me with a bang—the key turned in the lock, and I was alone—with the Self which one only has an opportunity of discovering at such crises. I learned afterwards that my husband and friend had suffered a like fate in the men's prison. We had been told that if, as a result of the trial of that day, we were found guilty, we should be shot. If mercy were extended to us, we should be imprisoned for five years in a German fortress; whilst if found innocent, we should be imprisoned during the continuance of the war.

Next morning at 5 A.M. a wardress banged at the door and shouted, "Steh auf!" (get up!). There was no temptation to continue lying on the hard bed, and as I was still fully dressed, getting up was the concern of half a second. And then I realized that I was face to face with the situation. The room measured about 6 ft. by 9 ft., and the only light came from a tiny window placed so high that a piece of gray sky, large enough to cover half-a-crown, was alone visible. I had asked if I might have my books and some writing paper, but this was

not allowed. How I was going to spend months, perhaps years, in solitary confinement, without occupation and without news of my husband and boys, I dared not contemplate. I decided I would rather be shot than that. I hoped that I should be allowed at least to exercise in the yard, but the day passed with no break except the entrance of the gruel-like food which was utterly uneatable.

But I would not have missed a moment of that day. After an hour of mental discomfort, I realized that to fear all is to suffer all, and that in some way, which only Christ has thoroughly understood, Faith is a magnet which attracts the good in which you believe. And truly enough, at 5 P.M. the miracle, which generally comes if you go half way to meet it, arrived. The wardress entered and told me I was to follow her—to be interviewed by the governor of the prison. I followed downstairs and across the yard to the men's prison, where I hoped I might catch a glimpse of the others. I waited for half an hour in a small room near the entrance hall, and then, to my surprise, the Juridical Officer who had examined me the day before entered. He had dropped no hint at the time as to the judgment he had formed, but throughout the trial his manner had been courteous in the extreme, and though he did not minimize the gravity of our situation, he had shown himself obviously desirous of justice. He was a striking contrast to the officers we had hitherto met, and I was thankful to feel that it would not be necessary to place all German officers in the same cannibalistic category.

"Madame Stobart," he began in reassuring tones, "I have come to tell you that if you will give your word not to try to escape, you have permission to leave this place and go to an hotel during the time that may be

necessary to investigate your statements."

I could scarcely believe it. But I thanked him, and asked if the same permission was to be granted to my two friends, as, of course, I should not take my freedom if they were left in prison.

"Your friends," he said, with a smile, "have already gone."

In a few moments the chivalrous Captain was showing me into his automobile. "You would not have believed, yesterday, would you," he asked smilingly, as he took his seat beside me, "that this evening you would have been driving with me in friendly fashion in the General's automobile?"

We were soon inside the entrance of the Captain's hotel, and, to my joy, my husband and my friend stood awaiting me. The Captain introduced us to another officer under whose supervision we should be. He was as charming and as courteous as the Captain. We invited him to dine with us (oh! how we enjoyed that first meal!). He told us that they were now going to act on my suggestion and send a telegram to the Croix Rouge at Brussels inquiring whether I had been engaged in hospital work. But I asked him that, as the Croix Rouge was now in the hands of Germans, who had not known me, if he would not also send a similar telegram to the Director of the University and also to the proprietor of the hotel at which we had stayed. For the latter had helped me to buy the hospital beds, and would probably still be in residence at his hotel. We wrote the telegram together, and he then took us for a drive in his motor to see the town, and we knew to our relief that he was convinced that we were not spies.

It was six days since we had washed, or slept in a bed, or taken off our clothes (except to be searched), and we went to bed that night happy

and confident that all would now go well. But after breakfast next morning, when our officer came into the room, I saw that something had gone wrong. His face wore a serious expression. "We have had a reply to our telegram," he said, addressing himself to me. "From Brussels. You had better read it." He put an official telegram into my hand and kept his eyes on me. I read: "Brussels Red Cross says no hospital by Madame Stobart." For a moment I felt as though my heart stopped beating. My face grew white, but I said, smilingly, "Of course I have no hospital at Brussels. You Germans came a little prematurely. Oh! won't you go with me," I asked, desperately, "or send someone with me to Brussels to prove that I had begun to install a hospital?"

"Good gracious, no—I've other affairs besides yours to attend to," he answered. "But," he continued, "I do see that this telegram is not the answer to the telegram we sent. We asked if you had been engaged in starting a hospital. Well—wait a minute. I'll go and see the Captain (our juridical friend) and hear what he thinks."

He left the room, and we three stood in silence round the deserted breakfast table, awaiting his return. After a few minutes, which seemed an eternity, he returned. His face was smiling.

"Captain — agrees with me that the telegram is no answer to our question, and that the German Red Cross people, who did not, of course, know you, have not troubled to make the other inquiries suggested. You are free!" The joy of that moment will not easily be forgotten. "Where would you like to go? To Brussels?" I answered that if I went back to Brussels I should be in no better position than before I underwent all these experiences, for I could not from

Brussels communicate with my unit.

"Where, then, do you want to go?" he asked kindly.

I did not imagine we should be allowed to leave the country; but "nothing venture, nothing have." "I want to go to London, to rejoin my unit, or to get news of my women," I replied promptly.

"Well," he answered cheerily, after a second's hesitation, "I don't see why you shouldn't."

He thereupon procured for us a pass from the German General, went with us to the Dutch Consul to obtain facilities for crossing the Dutch frontier, and finally sent us in his own automobile to the frontier, and stood waving friendly farewells as long as we were still in sight. We journeyed safely — after various minor vicissitudes — to Flushing, and thence to London, where I found my unit in safety, awaiting my return.

We shall always be grateful to those German officers, because they saved our lives and behaved with courtesy and justice in the face of a public opinion which it must have needed some courage to oppose, and we are also grateful to them because they saved us from a generalization of the character of German officers which would obviously have been unjust. At the same time, apart from them the experience here related afforded a first-hand illustration of the spirit of hatred which is actuating the German Army in its campaign against England.

"You are English, and whether you are right or wrong, this is a war of annihilation."

We were rudely disillusioned as to the sentiments of Germany, and we arrived by a short cut at the inevitable judgment that the annihilation of England and of that for which she stands is the *left motif* which is inspiring the German nation to risk her very existence in this epic struggle.

E. St. Clair Stobart.

AMERICA IN 1915.

Fifteen years ago, in the autumn of 1899, the writer visited America as a guest, seeing the ordinary sights in New York, Boston, Niagara, and similar places of inspection. He has just returned from three months spent on the same ground in public engagements and private interviews. The impression left by the visit of 1899 was that America was the country of the future, but that the future was still a long way off. It seemed then that it would be at least fifty years before it would be an attractive country except for people in business, to whom America has always been the land of promise. That fifty years has been shortened. Developments have taken place in these fifteen years which indicate that America is much nearer maturity than then seemed possible. Some of these developments attract attention at once. In New York the street traffic used to be so rapid and disorderly that it was an adventure to cross the streets. Policemen were powerless, and pedestrians crossed at the peril of their lives. This abuse has vanished. The opening of the subways—our tubes—with their four parallel tracks, has relieved the congestion of traffic and foot-passengers. The police have regained control of the streets. It is now easier to get about New York than to move about London. The development of hotel living has made life in moderate-sized towns much more livable. Quite ordinary hotels in places like Worcester and Northfield provide a separate bathroom with every bedroom, and this is the invariable rule in the larger towns. The standard of comfort has been raised both in the homes of the people and the hotels. The service is punctual, polite, and generally efficient. Food is varied and wholesome, and

the American people are more awake than they once seemed to be to the existence of other interests in life than the almighty dollar. Taste in buildings, pictures, and music has improved almost beyond belief. At Northfield, Mass., two churches are in daily use, one by the young men's college, Mount Hermon, and one by the women's. The first was presented to Mr. D. L. Moody by his English admirers. It is an oblong nineteenth-century English chapel with a gallery, iron pillars, and a sloping floor—as unpretentious and unattractive a building as could easily be designed. The other is a gift of Mrs. Russel Sage, and is as recent as 1911 or 1912. It is a delight to the eye—finished in unpolished oak, a beautiful illustration of the best modern Gothic. Everywhere one sees fine specimens of Georgian buildings, which America calls "Old Colonial." President Lowell's new house at Harvard is a good illustration of this—a porticoed door with white pillars, green sun-shutters fastened back on either side of the windows, overhanging eaves, and excellent red brick. There is a good dormitory building at Northfield of the same type, one of the best the writer saw.

In New England builders are reproducing some of the old gambrel-roofed houses, which the early settlers borrowed from Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire. One of these in Salem the writer photographed as a fine specimen of a seventeenth-century house, and only afterwards discovered that it was a recent erection. There are some good buildings of the Georgian type at Princeton, rather strangely mixed with marble Athenian temples and other Renaissance reproductions. Several of the club houses—which President Wilson attacked so

severely—are fine specimens of old colonial brick. The new buildings at Yale—the gift of the Vanderbilt family—are college Gothic, and though good in themselves, do not harmonize either with the older Yale buildings or with the rest of the buildings in the town. Harvard has been most successful with its additions. The two large freshman's buildings, as they are called, looking on to the river, are excellent specimens of Georgian work.

There are still buildings—particularly hotels—being erected in the style best described as "Early Pullman" or late "Astor Hotel," flamboyant, over-ornamented, and extravagant outside and laden with plush and gilt decoration inside. But the best taste in America is evidently re-acting from this, and has decided in favor of the clean, solid, and purer styles which America chose for itself in its days of plain living and high thinking.

Colleges and Universities in America have a place in social life which makes it very difficult to compare them with British institutions. The right to a University education is part of the heritage of the American born. But it does not imply the same differentiation of function which accompanies it in England. The sons of families of good social station in New England will take any job that offers during a summer vacation. They will conduct a trolley car, or work on a farm, serve in a store, or make a voyage on a ship. An American student who loafs through a long vacation is looked down upon as a man of no grit. This is the one natural corrective which remains to check the American passion for specialization. The craving for efficiency which America has borrowed from Germany appears everywhere in the Universities, even in athletics. The football teams, the college boat, the base-ball team, are trained with a severity of which we know nothing.

The Harvard boat which beat the Leander crew at Henley last year was really the second University crew. But it was trained for a short course while the first crew was trained for a long one. If the Henley course had been as long as that at Putney the first crew would have come. The crew which came was chosen and trained for the Henley course. When the great football match between Harvard and Yale took place in the Yale Bowl before 70,000 spectators the writer was in Boston. A crowd of several thousand people met on the Common, and listened to a minute description of the game delivered from a speaking trumpet. The speaker stood on a balcony outside one of the newspaper offices and the progress of the game was telegraphed from Yale point by point.

American universities have stood for a good deal in the religious life of the nation. In the Princeton Campus there is a vigorous and well-conceived statue of a young Christian athlete erected to commemorate the first meeting of the Student Volunteer movement. Dr. Grenfell has been able to draw largely on the universities both for men and funds for the support of his great mission. The Appleton Chapel at Harvard has a daily morning service, which includes an address. It is entirely voluntary, and is well attended by college men. This must be almost unique in university life. At Princeton the morning service is a compulsory chapel, and is more like an ordinary chapel service at Oxford or Cambridge. Bryn Mawr has a daily service, and has adopted a daily service book prepared by the Christian Association of the College, with the help of Dr. George Barton—himself a member of the Society of Friends. Elsewhere there are daily morning services, but they are generally found on foundations which are specifically religious. At one time it was not un-

usual for professors or lecturers to exercise a pastoral office among the men of their university, but it is said that this is getting less common. Teachers are inclined to take a more professional view of their functions. One effect of the Carnegie endowment for providing pensions for teachers is to increase this professionalism. In order to qualify for a pension every teacher has to comply with certain standards devised to keep him abreast of his professional duties. This means that he must work at his own subject all his life, and consequently has less time to give away.

The general character of the public services in American churches tends to become more ordered and reverent. There is liberal use of the accepted forms of Christian worship—the Apostles' Creed, the great hymns of the Church, and the responsive recitation of the psalms. The churches are magnificently organized, and ministers share the advantage of the methods of American democracy. Once elected they are trusted. Their congregations give them freedom to adopt the methods that suit them best, and only call them to account when things go seriously wrong. Except within a fifteen-mile radius of Boston the general type of religious teaching is Evangelical, Scriptural, and loyal to the great Christian tradition as it is understood in America.

The restless American intellect is constantly employed in questioning the axioms and postulates of American national life. At the moment one of the axioms which is being torn to shreds is the Monroe Doctrine. At debating societies, political dinners, and economic clubs a score of questions are being raised as to the meaning of that famous pronouncement. If no European Government is to be allowed a foothold on the American continent, what would happen if the three hun-

dred thousand German colonists in Southern Brazil were created into a German principality? If Germany attacks Canada, does the Monroe Doctrine mean that America would help Canada—or that it would stand by and see the Canadian frontier become a German one? What would be the proper attitude of America if Germany purchased an island in the Caribbean Sea and threatened the Panama Canal? If America is to avoid all European complications, what is the use of American representatives attending Hague Conventions? The Hague treaties are not worth the paper on which they are written if there is no sanction behind them except sweet words of entreaty or stern words of rebuke. The beautiful simplicity of the Monroe Doctrine has been sadly tarnished in these days of the War. An American Professor who described it in Berlin as an out-of-date obsession of the American mind, was hailed by the Kaiser as a benefactor of the race. Clearly the doctrine requires elucidation. Perhaps President Wilson may be able to devote some of his post-presidential leisure to an elucidation which will secure America without unduly provoking Germany.

The American attitude to immigration has completely changed in these fifteen years. For a century America has been the refuge of the oppressed, the land of promise to every hard-pressed population laboring in the Egyptian bondage of European feudalism. It was the pride of America that it conferred citizenship on all who came—black, white, and all shades between. That sentiment is gone with the snows of yester-year. The modern American has become alarmed about his heritage. His vote is swamped by thousands of Irish, Germans, Poles, Lithuanians, Italians, Hungarians, and Jews who care nothing for American traditions, but have a keen eye for the

dollar value of a vote. The new America will be as hard to enter as the Carlton Club. In December of last year the Senate gravely discussed whether "psychopathic inferiority" was a proper ground for excluding an immigrant, and they decided that it was. A century ago America imported negroes by the thousand, and seemed to think that it could never have enough. The last Immigration Bill, called Burnett's Bill, included a provision for preventing negroes from migrating to America even if they wished to come, which, however, has now been dropped out of the Bill. Although there are no more public lands to give away there are whole counties which are absurdly under-populated. The problem is not to keep people out of America, but to get those who come on to the land, where they are wanted. The State might regulate immigration in the interests of the whole country. The new-comers ought never to see New York, with its lurid and meretricious attractions. They might be carried right to the spot where they are to settle. Their early efforts might be assisted with State capital, and the capital might be secured on the earnings of the whole community. This would earn the double blessing which rests on both giver and receiver.

America is the great laboratory of democratic experiment, and for this reason, if for no other, American politics are always interesting when they can be understood. The political development of the country has entered on a new phase since 1912. Up to that time the group of political and economic traditions which came to a head during the Civil War continued to prevail. The Republican party had a long period of power hardly broken by the short democratic administration of Mr. Grover Cleveland. As late as 1904 a Republican leader described his own

party as the "Standpatters"—and the designation was accepted as a description of the conservative character of their policy. Now the acid of progressivism has disintegrated American political traditions. The Progressives draw support from both Republican and Democratic parties, and the standing of a politician is determined by his relation to the progressive movement. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson are Progressives. Mr. Roosevelt's progressivism is committed to a drastic reorganization of the American political and economic system, and the adoption of a frank social policy instead of the individualism of the past. President Wilson's progressivism is more vague and flexible, but it is clearly a product of the same strong social impulse. One result of the new impulse is the re-discovery of the meaning of American freedom. The American habit has been to rely on the written Constitution interpreted by the Courts, especially the Supreme Court, for social stability. The law appeared to be something impersonal, authoritative, supreme, which might be trusted to check the ephemeral emotions of the people, or the more systematic efforts of the politician. The Supreme Court has acted with great dignity and impartiality. Its traditions in that respect are probably the finest in the world. But the new progressivism takes it as an axiom that a growing nation cannot live under a rigid constitution. "We are naturally," says President Lowell (*Essays in Government*, p. 126), "in the habit of ascribing to the Courts a sort of supernatural power to regulate the affairs of men and to restrain the excesses and curb the passions of the people. We forget that no such power can really exist, and that no Court can hinder a people that is determined to have its own way: in short, that nothing can control the popular will except

the sober good sense of the people themselves."

Mr. Herbert Croly, to whose book on *Progressive Democracy* the writer is largely indebted for an admirable analysis of recent American politics, elaborates this point with great force. His conclusion is that you cannot obtain a reasonable human government by enclosing reason within a rule. Policy cannot be derived from knowledge alone. All government requires and rests on will—in a democratic government the will must be exercised in faith. Faith is indispensable to social progress.

One of the new issues is the choice between direct democratic government and representative government. In Kansas and Oregon experiments of a very interesting character are being made which have for their object to increase the authority of the Executive, while putting it more directly under popular control. This is the American substitute for our English method of government by Committees. Every one knows how unsatisfactory that method is. How a committee may be reduced to impotence by one or two timid or refractory members. How the mere statement of one view in committee invites its opposite. How questions are referred to committees which never can be answered except by individuals, and how they are referred because they never can be answered. How a committee reduces the value of experience and enhances the value of bluff. How committees will jib and shy merely because their chairman seems to be getting on too well. America has discovered that it can get its government done neither fast enough nor well enough unless more authority and freedom are given to the Executive. In its practical common-sense way America has arrived at the method of giving more responsibility to its Presidents, and at the

same time increasing their direct responsibility to the societies or organizations they control. The methods of this new democratic policy are the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. The initiative gives to the people the power of demanding legislation or administrative action on any subject. The referendum gives them the power of pronouncing on any proposed legislation, and the recall gives them the power of getting rid of any official who has rendered himself obnoxious by any unpopular act.

The importance of the new spirit in American politics is that there is now a constitutional path opened as an outlet for that tremendous social impulse which America feels as strongly as any European country. In England European affairs have for the moment diverted attention from the question which threatened to overshadow all others—the future of the yeasty Socialism which had been fermenting in the body politic. In America that social impulse is no longer necessarily antagonistic to the country's government. "If Progressive Democracy can arrange for a socially educative distribution of work, the socially desirable distribution of wealth will take care of itself." Democracy is safe as a political system only when it offers an opportunity of participating in the social and industrial system to every one, and places them on their best behavior. To quote Mr. Croly: "Admitting that human nature is in some measure socially rebellious, admitting that the ambitions of different classes and communities are dangerously conflicting, admitting and proclaiming the inability of society to attain cohesion by obedience to any natural law or moral and social code, democracy has still no reason for discouragement. What the situation calls for is faith. A Democracy is saved by faith. Only by faith can be established

the invincible interdependence between individual and social fulfilment, upon the increasing realization of which the future of Democracy depends."

The present relations of England and America as represented in Washington are cordial and friendly. The fly in the ointment is the compact, capable German minority—very loyal to Germany and very hostile to England. The Germans have succeeded in forming a political alliance with the Irish—the one thing in common between them being dislike of England. The German-Irish alliance was called into existence to counterwork a league for celebrating the hundred years of peace between England and America. Both parties were afraid that closer and more friendly relations between these two might leave them out in the cold. They are now threatening to unite their forces and coerce the President by votes which can control a Presidential Election.

In spite of the machinations of these Machiavellis there is an overwhelming weight of sympathy with England. It is sincere, well grounded—and well expressed. Its extent is variously estimated at from 80 per cent to 90 per cent of the population. And this may be relied on as a basis for American co-operation if one or two things are borne in mind. The Democratic party is now in power, and the record of that party towards England is not entirely good. The only severe strain in Anglo-American relations came during the last short period when the Democratic party under Mr. Grover Cleveland was in power. The reason for this is obvi-

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ous. The Democrats depend largely for their voting strength on the Irish, who in America, as elsewhere, are politicians to a man. The rule has been hitherto that when the Irish are in power England may look for trouble. This may be changed when Home Rule becomes effective, but it is too soon yet to feel the benefit of that relief. On certain subjects America is very sensitive, and it is well to avoid treading on any unnecessary toes. It is sensitive on the question of interference with shipping. It has not forgotten that it once had a far larger share of the world's carrying trade than it has now, and that some of its once thriving ports are derelict. It will resent anything in the nature of compulsion—coercion—or supervision on the part of English maritime authorities, though it might be quite willing to yield to any statement of superior reasons or accepted laws. Above all America values the good opinion of England. The harsh truculent criticism of American productions and institutions which have come from some eminent writers who showed their wit at other people's expense have stung and wounded like an adder. They are bitter memories, poisoning the friendship of these countries to-day. They ought to be publicly disowned, and no one should be allowed to speak or write about America who is not reasonably pleasant in his human attitude. The future of the world requires a much closer alliance between these two peoples, who both inherit the traditions of English freedom, and who share together the promise of the days to come.

Dugald Macfadyen.

THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

CHAPTER II.

"There!" he continued. "Now we can both breathe again without

thought of trouble. But you must let me keep this ugly little object in remembrance, and to help me to what

they call in England 'toe the line' prudently in the Blenaria which it is my hope soon to love as fondly as you, of course, love her yourself. I do not go there for fun, you know, but to try to give the people good times, because I have been asked to do so. That is what good government means—good times, happy homes, as they say in prosperous England, where there are so many of them, with something nice in the pot every day that they can eat without a fear that it will be taken away from them. Well, you are feeling better after this little sermon—eh?"

The strangler made no reply. From the time when his arms were released he sat like a stone image, staring straight before him. The deepening color in his cheeks alone told the Duke that his little sermon had not fallen on deaf ears.

"Come, you need not be sad!" continued the Duke blithely. "I must give you a *petit verre* of old cognac to buck you up, I think; but, before I let you go, just tell me something. How do your friends think my death would be a benefit to Blenaria? Another thing I do not understand at all is how you come to me from my tailors, Ponting & Proud. Never mind about that, though; there is no time to—Hello!"

The strangler had sprung to his feet with an ejaculation, and for a tense instant or two his eyes and the Duke's met and engaged at close quarters. Then he bent his knees to the Duke, touching the floor with the right one.

"Don't do that, my boy!" whispered the Duke, much moved by what he had seen in the young man's eyes. "And you shall not do that either!" he cried.

The strangler had fumbled a little bottle from his waistcoat-pocket, and was pulling at the cork.

But the Duke was too sharp for him, and easily took it from him.

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"That was very wrong of you," he said. "What for do you want to do a silly-ass thing like that—eh?"

"It is what they expect of me, and I might as well be dead as not," answered the strangler, looking straight at the Duke.

"So! They expect it of you? The gentlemen in Whitemonk Street?" asked the Duke, no longer smiling.

"My father expects it, sir."

"Your father expects it? Oh, but I can't believe that. He is not altogether a barbarian, your father. And, in any case, you must disappoint them," said the Duke, with his hand on the boy's.

A loud knock at the door, after an attempt upon the handle, made him turn and cry frowningly, "Yes, yes! Who is there?"

The anxious voice of Von Enselling replied, "It is I, sire."

"Ah!" The Duke raised an admonitory finger to the strangler as he went to the door. "I am not yet ready for you. Give me another minute or two, my Albrecht," he called out. "Perhaps I do not go to the Ambassador at all. Telephone and say so. I have matters of more importance, but you are not obliged to tell him that. There! that will do. Run away. It is my wish."

He rejoined the young man, and said, playfully at first, "It is really a great bore to be a king, and perhaps your friends are more kind to me than they believe in trying to keep the crown from my head. But it must be good-bye now. Your name is Kragatz, then, since you are a son of the famous chieftain?"

"Yes, sir, Pedro Kragatz," answered the strangler without hesitation.

"And you go now to your friends?"—

"They are not my friends now, sir. I have done with them. But I am going there to tell them so," interrupted the strangler, with a light in his eyes that dignified him more than a little.

"Ah!" said the Duke, noticing the change in him. "You go to this house in Whitemonk Street? Naturally they did not give me the number of the house in their letter to me, or perhaps"—

"It is No. 19, over a French laundry, on the third floor, and you may send the police to arrest them, for all I care, although my own father is one of them. It makes me sick," said the young man huskily, in a breath.

"No. 19—and it makes you sick! I'm glad it makes you sick—very glad!" said the Duke slowly. "Perhaps I shall see you in Blenaria yourself soon?" He offered the strangler his hand.

But instead of accepting this tribute of more than forgiveness the young man snatched up his hat. "Let me out, sir," he cried as he made toward the door. "I want to get into a church and say some prayers." With his hand on the key of the door, he faced round, and a tormented sort of smile flickered in his eyes as he whispered, "Since there is only you to hear me, I shall say, 'God bless Ulric, King of Blenaria!' and chance it, sir."

The Duke made no movement to detain him from opening the door. "Adieu, my boy! and just the same blessing to you," he whispered back.

He was sitting in an absorbed attitude in the chair vacated by the strangler, when a rush of footsteps in the corridor prepared him for something else; and, after a quick movement in the lock of the door, Von Enselsing, Hans the valet, a round-faced, dapper little gentleman whom the Duke recognized as Mr. Proud the tailor, and an official of the hotel whom he did not know, with a key in his hand, all entered the room excitedly, the aide-de-camp leading.

"Your Majesty is—safe, then?" almost shouted Von Enselsing joyously.

The Duke looked from one to another of them with raised eyebrows. "Safe? To be sure I am safe. What is all this fuss about?" he asked. "Ah!" he then exclaimed, "this is my worthy friend, Mr. Proud. So you have recovered your health, Mr. Proud? I must compliment you about that. But this gentleman with the key—what has he to do with me?"

The Ritz official, thus addressed, took the hint of dismissal in the Duke's tone and manner. He bowed himself out of the room, with a murmur of contentment that there was obviously no cause for alarm about His Majesty.

"You may close the door after you, please," said the Duke; and the Ritz official did that also.

But already little Mr. Proud, the tailor, had begun the story of his grievance. "I have been the victim of a most diabolical outrage, your Highness," he burst forth. He pointed at the measuring-tape and his business record book which the strangler had brought with him, and used them as an inspiring text for his narrative. "The infamous scoundrel who has presumed to impose himself upon your Highness, as one of our assistants, for some nefarious purpose which fortunately"—

With his chin in his hand, the Duke listened to the outpouring, but showed little interest in it.

Punctually at a quarter to six Mr. Proud had mounted into a taxicab to keep his appointment with the Duke. About one minute later he was overpowered in the car by two strangers who had joined him during a temporary obstruction in the street with a polite audacity which spellbound him at the time, and which he now lacked words to describe. They had forced him into the well of the car, gagged him, tied his head in a sack, his hands behind his back, and his feet

at the ankles, and kept him thus nearly suffocated while the car drove he could not tell whither for hours—so it had seemed to him. At length the car stopped, and he was lifted out, still with his head in the sack, and left to lean against a wall. And there he might still have been leaning (awaiting death, he said) but for the providential aid of a school-teacher who chanced that evening to take a short cut to her lodgings past the back of the particular house, in the neighborhood of Hampstead Heath, against the garden wall of which the miscreants had propped him.

"But I scarcely even thanked her, your Highness," said little Mr. Proud, with much elation at this stage, "for I had in the meantime put two and two together in my mind, in spite of my physical distress. The scoundrels had not, so far as I was aware, robbed me, and I understood, therefore, that they were after higher game than me; or, rather, I should say—since the expression is open to misconstruction"—

"In other words, they were after me, not you—eh, Mr. Proud?" interjected the Duke, as if nothing could be more natural. "That was very smart of you, and like a detective, my dear Mr. Proud."

"Yes, your Highness; it was a plot from the very outset. I felt convinced of it. The driver of the taxi and the other two ruffians—well dressed both of them—were in a wicked confederacy to"—

But the Duke had now had enough of it. "I think that will do," he said,

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

rising and offering the tailor his hand, which had in the meantime been idly toying with the garrotte still round his left wrist. "I thank you, my dear Mr. Proud. It is all *very* like a story in a newspaper, but I don't want to hear about any more of it to-day. And these wardrobe matters—these mere trappings of state, eh?—must wait also. You come to me to-morrow morning, about ten, let's say. Perhaps I tell you then about that young chap who took your place, perhaps not. He measured me twice up the arms, and"—the Duke's smile when he hesitated held the three men entranced—"and that's all for the present. Good-bye, my dear Mr. Proud. I've had a very occupied day.—Fact is, Aibrecht, I think I'll lie down for a little. There is something I wish to consider about, by myself. You see Mr. Proud safe to the street yourself.—Until to-morrow, then, Mr. Proud, ta-ta!"

Nothing could have been more congenial to the tailor than to be addressed, even sent away, with such flattering friendliness by a Duke who had become a king. And his gratifications of that sort were heightened by the tone of asperity with which, immediately afterwards, the Duke, having taken up his coat on his way to the bedroom, ordered Hans the valet to stay where he was.

"I do not want you—or anybody—until I say so, mind that!" the Duke added, with a nod for the aide-de-camp which told him unmistakably that he was included in the phrase.

C. Edwards.

TRENCH LIFE.

They lie on their backs, flung one across the other, like two half-empty corn-sacks, deeply layered with the gray-green dust of the explosion, and so pale, so sunken that to the inexperienced eye they might have been dead

for days instead of minutes. Their toll-roughened hands, wide-thrown in the fall or gently folded on the breast as though by some comrade's pitying care, seem waxen-white and strangely small; altogether, in fact, these forms, which less than a quarter of an hour ago were laughing, have just the unreal, calculated look of waxworks that have never been alive. Even the dark crimson trickle curving from the nostril of one of them, and already caked dry—the only visible sign of violent death—appears to have been streaked there by the brush of some too clever artist, whose discreet cunning, by its very reticence, utterly fails to convince. Above them, slung from a cross-beam, dust-smothered too, hangs the hollow carcase of the pig which they were scouring when they fell, and at the other end of the barn there still smoulder the embers of the fire they had lit for roasting it, now hastily trodden out. It was the simple striking of a match to kindle it against orders that was their death. Merrily the tufts of straw caught and crackled into heavy volutes of blue smoke; there was no chimney, no window that could betray them to the enemy—where was the harm? If they had been going to shell the farm in the hope of accounting for the Colonel and his carefully hidden staff, they would have begun long ago. Unfortunately, the troop-cooks had failed to notice that a tile was missing from the gable—and a moment later the shell had arrived, one only, as though conscious of its sufficiency, drilling the wall waist-high as neatly as a rifle-bullet, and by some uncanny chance, as truly aimed.

"Gave their lives for their country"—killed while drawing a pig! Is there not something voluntary in giving, some implied consent, that ill accords with such mere passive destruction—just the mechanical, motiveless eras-

ure, with neither choice nor glory, of two foolish, natural men?

Why be at pains in days like these to load one's conscience with gratuitously disingenuous altruism? Deny it who may, there is a wickedly Lucretian satisfaction in idly watching beyond the window-pane the swift, thronging fall of ragged-edged snow-flakes that slant streaming downwards in fleeting, inexhaustible succession and almost tangible silence, instantly rusting into slush as their flat surface kisses the thawing ground. Already, though it is only lunch-time, the cast-iron bowl of the stove that projects buttress-like into the room is glowing a pure orange, and after thirty-six hours of return to civilization the Squadron mess is still piled with the contents of a week's accumulated parcels. On the slippery American cloth that covers the table an incongruous assortment of absurd delicacies, from caviare to crystallized violets, jostles, in true British fashion, sodden potatoes and beef burnt to the texture of india-rubber. On the mantelpiece, window-ledge, wherever one looks, are stacked beautifully planed and finished boxes, clumps of smug little polished tins, which, when emptied of their too-elaborate dainties, will surely rumble, if held shell-like to the ear, authentic echoes of Piccadilly.

Small blame if these seem for the time being to stand for what is best worth having in this world. In the misspent ingenuity of these foolish trifles there is balm for nerves more jangled than their owners, even here where super-frankness is the rule, would care to admit—healing in complete surrender to the gross refinements of material ease. Ten days of rest assured! Limp trails of cigarette-smoke wreath the feast; scoured and renewed, the half-dozen officers dream in lazy contentment. The tedious fa-

figures are over, the billets cleaned, paths of broken brick and gravel laid across the mire, every horse under cover, and the men as comfortable as care and experience can make them—a degree rudimentary enough, it is true. Ten days of rest. . . .

"Have some Grand Marnier?" Golden-brown as a trout-stream over shingle, the southern-scented essence slides into the coarse glasses. The clink of bottle on rim chimes with the rattled spurs of a headquarter orderly, purple-cheeked and stippled with melting white, who hands the Squadron Leader a folded paper. No sound save a crisp flutter as the officer spreads the flimsy sheet. No change in his expression save a straightening of the mouth-line as his lips set together like stretched elastic.

"Saddle up—turn out at once! We're for the trenches. . . . Sergeant-Major!"

They have been digging almost till the late, dreary dawn, for entrenching-tools were not available till after midnight—the subaltern and nine men, a sparse handful of stark humanity flung down at random, you would say, a couple of hundred yards in advance of their Squadron, in the middle of stiff ploughland, already methodically diapered yesterday by the enemy, every fifteen yards, with shell-holes, great and small, like the spots on an old-fashioned veil. Digging with grim, grudging concentration to the soft whirl of stray bullets flitting bat-like this way and that, savagely scraping, fighting the flinty soil till by the queer chemistry of labor fatigue has nearly passed out of their aching bones, now feelingless; pausing only for muttered, murderous bickerings over an interchange of pick and shovel, or to gulp icy draughts of doubtful water drawn from the shell of a demolished cottage near by—for there is no time to waste

in noticing the glare and shouting away on the right, where a hill-throned townlet has twice been taken and re-taken since dusk. Openly mutinous at times, in their insolently confident ignorance of high explosives, punctiliously anxious to know whether they are to be kept working all night after having been marched about all day. There is no sergeant at hand to support the young officer's authority, for he, too, equally isolated on a flank, has been burrowing with the remainder of the troop a couple of fields away. Nothing but outright bullying of the rougher element has saved the situation, the subaltern inwardly marvelling with the curious aloofness of crisis at the unguessed harshness of his own voice.

Now, in the creeping winter daylight, save for the troop-leader, too tightly keyed with weariness, only the half-dozing sentries are awake. Réveille: the first shell flops with a thud halfway across the field behind them. In a moment the hurricane follows, its margin leaping capriciously, shuttlecock fashion, from side to side of the double half-moon slot in the ground, but drawing always closer. Impossible to raise a head, to do anything save crouch and pitilessly flatten body on cramped body. "A tellt ye thon God-damned parapet wis too high—it's dthrawn their bloody fire." "Ay, they've got the range, lad." "Not 'arf." There is little enough to cheer in the whispered repartee of these men gripped in powerless immobility, muffled for no reason save a reverential hush of unsolaced dread—the sheer, unreasoning horror of annihilation, an imperious, elemental qualling wholly distinct from fear of death. The walls of their narrow grave quiver ominously, acrid blasts scorch the men's eyes and nostrils, while tiny runnels of dry earth trickle down in tremulous cascades and settle in their necks.

There is an added dreadfulness in the utter isolation of this little earthly hell; the subaltern knows that it is only a temporary position, that the regiment is due to retire at any moment, but no order can reach him across the sundering zone, which, if he knew it, a messenger sent to recall him has already refused to risk. How long is he to hang on? What is he to do? Pray for the grace of willing sacrifice for himself and his men, who cannot move without him? As the certainty of death becomes more indelibly sure, resolving itself merely into the alternatives of being blown skywards or buried under a trampled mole-hill, prayer for an ungrudging spirit seems the sole anchorage of reason. No time now for a drowning man's vision of bygone scenes or the telepathy of love; the hour demands, admits, nothing save a relentless tension of every faculty towards a generous will, and mercifully commands at least the effort, if not the whole result. Thump, and a gasp of stifled pain—the rifle of the double-bent sentry has been shattered at the breech in his hands. A crack that dents the numbed brains underneath—the stout door on which the three-foot pile of overhead cover rests has been split from end to end. Next time—yes, next time will be the last.

"Oh, sir, I'm wounded!" The trooper, who had raised his head for an instant, falls back upon the subaltern, with blood gushing thickly from his scalp. It is the turn of physical sickness now. "Sir! Sir!" The end man has swiftly peered over the traverse. "The other section's gone!" Gone? The subaltern forces his way across the humped, breathing bodies and looks into the empty trench. . . . Well, there is no point in staying now. "Retire!"

As he scrambles out in rear of his four remaining men, two sound and

two wounded, but all of them gray-cheeked under their stubble and deep-scored with newly bitten lines of anguish, the deliverance of escaping into the freedom of the reeling, death-shot air is like a taste of paradise itself.

Trotting at the head of the Squadron exercise-party that clatters through the straggling village, with shouted greetings to loitering comrades on the Staff or frowsy girls boldly elbowing each other in ramshackle cottage-windows, the subaltern carelessly wonders why that knot of men from his own regiment is waiting under the drooping, rain-bleached pennant that marks the entrance to Brigade Headquarters. Then, as the group rattles to attention at the sergeant's sharp command, he remembers that a court martial is to sit that morning, and in a flash his mind's eye sees the prisoner's moon-like face as plainly as though he stood before him. It is more than a year now since the pale-eyed, cunningly vacant slum-brat, heart-breakingly foredoomed by-product of countless social injustices, was posted to his troop from the depot, to be transferred, after a first conviction two months later for desertion, to another Squadron. Thankful indeed he was at the time to be rid of so irredeemably unpromising a piece of human material, to whom theft, lying, and curious forms of uncleanness were as natural, as involuntary as breathing. But now he is troubled by an accusing sense of linked destinies, of a shared responsibility for the corner-boy's impending fate. True, he had little enough power to mend him, and none to grant the return to freedom that a second attempt to disappear within six months, for which he was serving sentence when the regiment sailed, imposed as his one chance of escaping catastrophe. Yet the subaltern cannot free himself

from the knowledge that he is part, an accomplice, microscopic but indissoluble, of the colossal system whose unswerving weight the half-formed lad has doomed himself once and for all to experience in full. Asleep at his post in the trenches—the inevitable triumph of exhausted senses without moral to assist or resist them—he must pay for lacking what he never could have had.

"Owing to the frequency with which similar cases have of late occurred, the Commander-in-Chief is unable to confirm the recommendation to mercy of the Court in the case of Private Blank"—so, a few days later, the regimental order runs. And the machine that feels, but must not, dare not, pity, rolls augustly on, guiltless and terrible.

The rising floods have changed from promontory to isle the osier-bed, now almost submerged, that fills an angle of the tiny roadside stream. Already fringed with throbbing orange-red as though blood-steeped, the sharply etched network of interlacing shoots doubles itself to bewildering infinity in the currentless pool, and you must look with a familiar eye if you would dis-

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tinguish amid the mazy criss-cross the humble mark—two whittled withles roughly lashed together like the symbol grasped by the infant Baptist of an Italian Primitive—which tells that one of your own kind, lately quick and sentient as yourself, lies here. Who was he—friend or enemy? How did he pass—in writhing or in resignation, hatred or charity, or mere short-snapped unawareness, with an unfinished sentence on his tongue? Not half a season has passed since the hasty turn of the clouds, yet perhaps there is now no living soul who could say. Already the boughs that were hacked and parted to give him room have pushed forward to meet each other again, roofing him with their slender, unfilled spandrels, and the comrades who lowered him with sorrow or indifferent, circumstantial pity may every one of them be rotting now in just such a casual bourne. Possibly there was one, more closely knit to him than the rest, who pencilled the spot on his map that some devoted, foolish woman might afterwards be able to seek it out—and the loyal record has been obliterated for ever by a single downpour.

A Sub.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S RELIGION.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

I am glad to accept an invitation to write on this subject, as I should like to say something in honor of the men whom I have learnt to love and respect.

I have held 50 or 60 short services all along the front of the battle-line and at all the bases, and have visited, ward by ward, 22 of the hospitals in France, and have therefore had a unique opportunity of seeing that side of the British soldier's character which is often left out in people's estimate

of him. We hear a great deal of his wit and humor, his grit, and his splendid courage and endurance; but little is said of that simple faith which he has imbibed in some quiet home or learnt in his Sunday school, and which, to a large extent, is the spring and source of his other qualities.

It is to this spiritual side, of course, to which I went out principally to appeal; and I chose Holy Week and Easter as the most appropriate time at which to do so. What has encour-

aged me so much has been the overwhelming response of the whole Army. A few of the services were of the nature of Church parades, but the great majority were purely voluntary. On no occasion did we have less than 1,000 men and often 4,000.

The most touching service to myself was early on Easter Day, when, after giving the Holy Communion to 200 officers and men within a mile of the German lines in a schoolroom, the roof of which had been taken off by a shell, I was told at the end that 150 more men and officers were outside from other regiments asking for their Easter Communion; and of course I held at once another service for them. Before each service I gave a message from all at home, saying that they must imagine that their wives and mothers and children, or sweethearts, had sent them all their love through me, and that the whole nation was thinking and praying for them day and night. When the service began the religious note was struck at once, and the point I want to emphasize is the immediate response to the deepest spiritual note. Few things will live in my memory so vividly as the sight, from the wagon or extemporized platform which was always arranged for me, of these thousands of upturned faces singing "When I survey the Wondrous Cross," with a depth and earnestness about which there could be no mistake. At the services just before and on Good Friday I took the Words from the Cross; and as the Generals and officers who attended in large numbers with the men often remarked, "the men seemed to drink in every word."

The guns booming hard by, and the British aeroplanes circling like guardian angels over the service to guard the attractive target of 4,000 men and officers with a Bishop in the middle, made the scene very impressive. Time

being always strictly limited, we had sometimes three, but more often two, hymns, some prayers translated from the Russian Liturgy of a simple character, of which I had taken out 2,000 copies, and which were greatly appreciated, and an address of about a quarter of an hour, the whole lasting half an hour.

At the end of each service my chaplains, among whom I must specially mention Mr. Macpherson, senior chaplain of the Church of England chaplains, who gave up a whole fortnight to arrange my tour, gave out what the soldiers called "The Bishop's Souvenir," souvenir being one of the French words which the British soldier has enthusiastically adopted. These particular souvenirs were pictures of our Lord on the Cross and of His resurrection on Easter Day, with some meditations and prayers I had written myself. I had only room to take 10,000, and these made two enormous packages, and they were almost fought for, as they began to run short towards the end.

The truth of the matter is that the realities of war have melted away the surface shyness of men about religion; they feel they are "up against" questions of life and death; and I have heard of more than one censor who has for the first time realized the part religion bears in a soldier's life by censoring the innumerable letters home in which the writers ask for the prayers of their relations or express their trust in God.

The visit of a Bishop was more than justified by the one fact alone that, although such short notice had been given of my visit, 200 were waiting to be confirmed, some with the mud of the trenches still wet on their putties.

It was, however, perhaps most of all in the hospitals that the religious character of the British soldier came out. The lines and lines of wounded men

and boys in those 22 hospitals, admirably looked after by a devoted band of doctors and nurses, form the most pathetic note of war, while the patience and courage with which those terrible wounds are borne is its highest inspiration. I only wish that instead of the brief word which was all that was possible to each I had had time for the long and confidential talk for which I could see by their faces they would have been ready.

Sometimes it was possible to do more. One young man, little more than a boy, just carried in from the trenches, shot through the shoulder, at

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a clearing hospital at the Front, held out his arms towards me with a radiant smile. I thought for the moment he was in delirium, but he was an East-end lad, a communicant at an East-end church, who saw the Bishop he knew so well passing his bed. I need not say that I tried my best to help him in that hour of pain and trial. But the incident was in itself a parable; in his hour of need the soldier turns instinctively to the religion of his childhood; and in the men and boys who are fighting our country's battles we have more than brave heroes—we have potential saints.

JIMMY.

I don't know if you are having the measles at your house. We are. They're on me. They are not half bad, really. You have to sicken for them first and then you get them. The doctor came to see me have them. He gave me a cynical thermometer to suck. He tied a piece of string to it first because he said that it was a one-minute one. I don't like the taste of thermometers. I bit one once and the end came off and disagreed with me. Jimmy says when they put the thermometer in your mouth you have to see how far you can make the mercury move up the tube. Jimmy can make it move up to the top every time. He says you have to hold your breath and then blow. The thermometer wouldn't boll, so the doctor told me to put out my tongue at him. The last time I put out my tongue at someone I had to have it impressed on my mind not to; it was over a chair.

So I asked the doctor if it wouldn't do if I made a face at him instead. I am not so very good at making faces. Not as good as old Jimmy. He can move his ears. And his scalp. Jimmy

says very few people can move their ears really well. He can do it one at a time, but he won't do it now unless you give him two pen-nibs. He is collecting pen-nibs. He says if you collect a thousand pen-nibs you get a bed in a hospital.

They made me put out my tongue at the doctor. When it was all out the doctor said it was a very nice one. Then he took hold of my wrist and looked at his watch. I asked Jimmy what the doctor looked at his watch for. He told me that measles made the watch go slower, and if it stopped you were dead. Jimmy said that his wrist always made the doctor's watch stop. I asked him why he wasn't dead then, and he told me it was because he could move his ears. Jimmy says he always kept moving his ears while the doctor was busy with him.

I had the measles all right. I had only a few at first, five, I think, and the doctor said I ought to keep them tucked up or else I should catch the complications. I asked Jimmy what the complications were. He had come quietly up our backstairs to see me

and the measles. I told him he would catch them too. But he said he wouldn't if he kept moving his ears. Jimmy said he knew all about the complications. He said he had done them in arithmetic; they came next to decimals and were things where the numerator was bigger than the thermometer.

When the doctor saw me next day he said the rash was well out. I knew that, because I had given up counting them. The doctor said I should have to have the quarantine next.

I asked Jimmy if he had ever had the quarantine. He said it was stuff you put on your hair to make it shine.

Jimmy brought me a caterpillar and two thrush's eggs in a matchbox. I asked him why the rash came out all over me. He said it was the measles and that they had to come up to the surface to breathe. He said if I would let him vaccinate me with his penknife they would all go away. Jimmy is going to be a doctor—when he grows up. He said it wouldn't hurt me if I held my breath. But I wouldn't let him. I said he might taste some of my medicine though, and he said he knew what it was made of. He said he could make me up some much better medicine than that. It was medicine that the Indians always used. They made it out of the bark of trees, and it would cure warts as well as measles. He said there was a certain way of making it that wasn't found in books, because it was only when an Indian was going to die that he told anyone how to make it. Jimmy said it was splendid stuff, and that, besides curing warts and measles, it would make boots waterproof. Only the cleverest doctors know about it, Jimmy said, and they daren't tell anyone lest the Indians should get to know, and kill them.

The doctor said I might get up and

have the quarantine downstairs. He said I wasn't to go near anyone or they would catch it. He said I looked very happy. I was. You see the doctor had sat down on the chair on which I had placed the thrush's eggs. Jimmy says it is unlucky to sit on thrush's eggs, but that you can make it all right again by counting ten backwards. That was what the Indians did, he said.

I didn't mind the quarantine a bit, though it made me feel weak in my legs at first. Jimmy said that the best thing for weak legs was to walk barefoot through nettles. He said that the Indians made their children do that, and that was why they could run so well. Jimmy made me some medicine out of a rare kind of root he had found by accident. It smelt like cabbage. He said it would make me feel very hungry and that he always took some at Christmas time. A gipsy had told him the secret in confidence in exchange for a pair of his father's boots which he thought his father had done with.

When I was nearly well from the quarantine Jimmy and I arranged to go fishing. He said he had some stuff which attracted all the fish if you poured some in the river. He said that a poacher told him how to make it.

Jimmy says next to being a doctor he would like to be a poacher. He told me how to catch pheasants. All you had to do was to put some stuff out of a bottle on the ground, near where the pheasants roosted at night, and it would stupefy them. Then, he said, they fell out of the trees and you put them in a bag. He said the stuff was made out of herbs which came from Australia. It was very strong stuff, he said. Two drops placed on the tongue of a dog would kill the strongest elephant, Jimmy said.

We didn't go fishing after all. I waited for Jimmy for over an hour, but he didn't turn up. So I went to his mother's house. Jimmy lives with

Punch.

his mother. Jimmy's mother said that he was in bed very busy with the measles and that he wanted to be left alone.

HATING THE GERMANS.

There have lately been discussions in private and in the Press as to whether the English nation is or is not bound to hate the Germans as well as to fight them. These discussions are sometimes super-subtle. We have seen it asked whether it is not possible to thrust bayonets into German soldiers and simultaneously to yearn after their moral well-being. But more often the discussions are bitter. Those who think it is our duty to hate all Germans every moment of the day suspect their friends who are less vociferously hostile of being secretly disloyal. Their friends retort that to exalt hatred of Germany into a gospel betrays in the hot gossellers a spiritual affinity with those Prussian poets and philosophers whom they insincerely affect to abhor. We have witnessed some bitter wrangling between the opposing parties, and we have noticed rather a significant fact with regard to them. It is this. The loudest of the haters are usually civilians who stay at home, and have leisure to feed fat their patriotic principles; whereas those who rather dislike all this violent talk of hatred are the soldiers who are too busy fighting the enemy to worry much whether they personally detest him or otherwise.

A moment's thought will show that this is exactly as it should be. No one is better qualified than the soldier to know that hard words break no bones; and that patriotism is too precious an impulse to be wasted in fierce breath. "The bitter clamor of two eager tongues" will have no part

in deciding the war. We cannot afford to waste a scrap of energy in hissing and hating. The people who invent terrible punishments for the Kaiser are a nuisance at this time. They are tempting the public to spend its patriotism upon false emotion instead of spending it in public service. It will be answered that the rulers of German opinion, with their hymns and formulæ of hate—their God punish England and *delenda est*—evidently find it serves their turn to intensify popular passion, to lift emotion to the sticking place, to employ hatred and anger as allies of the Fatherland. Well: this sort of thing may be good for Germans—though we doubt it; but it is not good for the English. English feeling—the best English feeling which inspires our armies to-day—needs no drilling of this kind. We have no need or use for hymns of hate, set to music by professors of the orchestra and sung by battalions. There is something in English humor and chivalry—something which is bred in our games and sports and comes out in our wars—that makes all such stuff unnatural and forced. In a German soldier the hymn of hate is simply a part of the moral discipline under which he lives. He accepts his emotions as he accepts his politics and his marching orders. A hymn of hate may keep a German regiment together, but it would nevertheless be positively mischievous, because profoundly untrue to race, in an English company. Our soldiers march well enough to the tune of "Tipperary." We cannot con-

ceive them marching to the tune of God Punish Germany. To speak plainly, it is not now our business to hate the Germans, but to fight the Germans. We shall not do that any the better for being artificially worked into a frenzy of dislike. The English do all things best when the sense of humor and proportion is strong within them. The Germans apparently do not. They are puzzled and not a little distressed by the English attitude and spirit. The Germans find evidence of an incurable levity in the songs our soldiers sing, in the games they play, in the jokes they make in the trenches, in their stubborn refusal to be impressed or horrified. We on our side know that it would be a dark day for the British cause if British soldiers lost touch with this "levity." We also know that this "levity" in no sense implies any extenuation of the conduct of the German armies or the German submarine.

Here a firm distinction must be made. When we deprecate the war of words with Germany which some have lately been waging fiercely in conversation and in print we do not imply that Germany's cause in this war is morally arguable or that her conduct has not been excessively hateful. Indignation with German brutality and arrogance is one of the chief motives of the war in Great Britain, and it would be injurious and absurd not to welcome the energy which British detestation of these qualities has put into the fight. The British public and the British soldier rightly detests the fruits of the savage modern doctrine of war as preached and executed by the German army. No patriotic man or woman deplores or seeks to quench this righteous fury. "Fury," perhaps, is hardly the word for the quiet, deep resolution of Great Britain never to lie at the foot of Prussia or to cease

the war until a certain scrap of paper has been honored by the enemy. But this resolution and the just anger which lies behind it is quite a different thing from German hymns of hate and the movement among a small section of the British public in favor of a corresponding crusade. It has nothing to do with the talk of those people who would have us remember as we wake each morning that it is our duty to hate all Germans and to convince our neighbors that all Germans are detestable. This sort of thing will in England simply tempt men to "break words and keep whole weapons." There is none of this hysteria among the fighting men. They have neither the time nor the need for a systematic coddling and a punctual celebration of their hatred for the Prussians. They are too busy; too highly concentrated upon beating the enemy; too set upon driving him from the country he has made desolate. If they are conscious at all of any systematic hatred of Germany it takes the form of a strict determination not to be tarred in ever so minute a degree with the German brush. They will be the last to imitate the morning salutations whereby the Prussian dragoons himself into hatred of England, as they will be the last to suggest that we should imitate the conduct of the German armies at Louvain and Aerschot.

There is another point. Though all the recent talk of hating Germany and exacting an awful vengeance is to be deprecated, it is clear that Germany, more especially if Germany is badly beaten in the war, is laying up stores of bitter rancor for ourselves. Even the German children are taught to pray against the English, and we hear of a domestic parrot taught to repeat piously the classic phrase: "Gott strafe England." This hatred goes deep, and it will endure. We may leave it to the moralists and the

academies to decide whether or not it is our sacred duty to hate or to embrace the beaten German. Practical men will turn to a more practical matter. Our statesmen owe it to our soldiers and to all who have made great sacrifices in this war to see to it that Germany's hatred of ourselves, which must needs warp her judgment for years to come, may never be able to find an opportunity out of our own weakness or lack of policy to wreak itself effectively at our expense. It is not the British way to keep open old wounds or to foster a hatred beyond the heat of battle. But though we refuse to have anything to do with hymns of hate ourselves, or to attend seriously to the voice of ancient Pistol crying "Coupe la gorge!" yet we must not neglect to reckon seriously with the hate of Germany. It will be one

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of the factors of the settlement; and it will be a factor to be reckoned with in our foreign and military policy for a generation to come. However one may regret the furious nonsense that sometimes is talked in moments of excitement about extirpating Germany from among the nations, one cannot accept that other view, which beholds Germany and England reconciled and loving after the war is finished. Peace with Germany, for years to come, will be an armed peace. Our security will utterly depend upon our realizing that, and upon ensuring that upon our side the weapons shall be strong enough and ready enough to forbid to Germany all thought of aggressive war.

Meantime, let us talk no more of hating or embracing the German soldier and get on with the more practical business of fighting him.

WE HOPE TO WIN.

"We hope to win"? By God's help, "Yes";
Though of the "when" no man may guess,
Since there must yet be weary strain,
Alternate joy, alternate pain,
Till Victory come, at end, to bless!

But there are other wars that press
Wars bred of fulness and excess,
Which—if we would our place maintain—
We hope to win!

There is the war with selfishness—
A sluggish fiend that doubts distress;
With hearts that fail and lips that feign;
With vice and drink and greed of gain—
These are the wars in which, not less,
We hope to win!

Austin Dobson.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The caprices and superstitions of a woman of great wealth are the forces which guide the destiny of a young woman in "The Diary of a Beauty" by Molly Elliot Seawell. Louise Baird, the beauty, is a New England village girl who is taken for a companion by Miss Haverford, a wealthy summer resident who fancies that the girl's radiant health will benefit her own. As long as illness keeps far off Miss Baird is in high favor and is introduced everywhere as Miss Haverford's heiress, but while on a trip to the Continent health, and therefore fortune forsake the girl. With slowly returning strength she is forced to make her own fortune, but after a desperate struggle the tide turns once more in her favor. The story is interesting but there is a strange cast of disillusionment and worldliness over it. It is cleverly told and the character of the heroine is well drawn and more than usually consistent. J. P. Lippincott Co.

In "Barricades" Louis How has attempted to follow Kipling into the realm of colloquial poetry; though Kipling was not the first man to attempt the style. Lowell was wonderfully successful at the type, so was Holmes. Of Mr. How's endeavors a sample may serve.

I used to see her pass,
Bandanna on her head
And flounces in the grass . . .
And now the girl is dead!
Despite an epitaph
Her memory is fled
Completely as her laugh.

And I—'tis rather odd,—
Who scarcely saw her then,
Imagine her with God.
Belief is born in men,
And one devoid of faith,

May have to say amen,
Confronted with a wraith.

His effects are gained, largely, in that manner. The second half of the book is filled with sonnets after the Italian formula. Moved by his type the juggler with modern colloquialism speaks in these with dignity and depth; they are far more successful than the more original poems of the first half. Mr. How's technique is invariably good. Sherman, French & Co.

A novel with the present war for its background is Burton E. Harrison's latest mystery story, and the title is "Little Comrade." It tells how a young American doctor, who had been attending a surgical convention in Vienna, and who was in Germany at the outbreak of the war, became involved in circumstances which made it very difficult for him to leave the country. Some spies for the French try to use the American for a blind and force him to protect a beautiful young woman who is trying to carry to General Joffre the plan of a certain German fortification. The adventures of these two people strangely thrust upon one another are exciting in the extreme. The author describes the mobilization of the German Army as witnessed at one of the important railway centers, some of the first weeks' fighting in Belgium and part of the siege of Liège as seen across country from a distance. The book is full of incident and its setting alone would make it interesting even were the plot less cleverly worked out. Henry Holt & Co.

In the "Songs of Kabir," translated by Rabindranath Tagore (The Macmil-

lan Co.), there are rendered into English, for the first time, a group of lyrics which, four or five centuries ago, expressed the aspirations of an Indian mystic, who has still many followers in Upper India. The ancient singer and his modern disciple have so much in common that these lyrics might easily be taken for Tagore's own. They have the same subtlety, the same vagueness, the same blending of spiritual aspiration with the love of the beauties of Nature. This may serve as an example:

Dance, my heart! dance to-day with joy.

The strains of love fill the days and the nights with music, and the world is listening to its melodies:

Mad with joy, life and death dance to the rhythm of this music. The hills and the sea and the earth dance. The world of man dances in laughter and tears.

Why put on the robe of the monk, and live aloof from the world in lonely pride?

Behold! my heart dances in the delight of a hundred arts; and the Creator is well pleased.

There is nothing absurd about being lost in the arid cañons of Montana, and nothing ridiculous about land-frauds and their victims, and yet B. M. Bower's "*The Flying U's Last Stand*" is a thoroughly amusing book. The hero is so tiny that his careful profanity and his confident assumption of the manners and graces of his seniors are comical beyond expression, and one feels that the author is quite capable of extricating him from the worst troubles into which she may plunge him, or any of her innocent personages. All the members of the Flying U "bunch" reappear in this story, and assist in enlivening the days of Florence Grace Hallman who desires possession of their homes and their

cattle, and is perfectly ruthless in her methods. The "bunch" very civilly give her a lesson in honesty, and punish her accomplices exactly according to their deserts, and the boy-hero rides in triumphant at the end as happy as any winner of the Derby. The only innocent victim in the book is Adeline, the cat, and no one weeps for her. Some day there is to be another "*Flying U*" book, but "*The Last Stand*" will keep its readers "kinder smily round the lips, and teary round the lashes" until its successor eclipses it. Little, Brown and Company.

The author of "*Home*," sets his name, George Agnew Chamberlain, on his new book, "*Through Stained Glass*," and the readers of his earlier novel will possibly derive satisfaction from the removal of that robe of mystery. Its absence does not reveal the author any more clearly, because he wraps himself in another, by giving a puzzling number of clues to his tastes, prejudices, and experiences in time and place, so that the only safe course is to attend exclusively to the story. He traces the fortunes of a Virginian family self-banished to a home in Spanish America, and of two of its members who become wanderers upon the face of the earth. The father is given to epigrams; the son's strong point is invincible innocence. An artfully employed suggestion of sorcery tantalizes the reader, and he is tacitly bidden to attend to every hint offered him, but arrives at the final page as eager in his quest for knowledge of the hero's fate as when he began to watch his career. Reading the last page first will not avail the impatient, and random skipping will serve only to postpone understanding. He must read, not play at reading the book and it well repays reading. Its confident Americanism is refreshing. Mr. Chamberlain is untroubled by doubts as to

which is going to be the best country in the world, yet he is no demagogue. Those who remember "No. 5 John Street" will note that the inventions of luxury are even more subtle than those exhibited in that revelation of extravagance. They will note also that Mr. Chamberlain bears no message of despair, and that his story equally abounds in hope and cleverness. The Century Company.

A hitherto little-traveled by-path of history, but one of great interest and significance, is followed by F. Lothrop Stoddard in his volume on "The French Revolution in San Domingo" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). In his preface, the author sets forth briefly the great tragedy upon which his history pivots,—the annihilation of the white population of San Domingo. "The period opens," he says, "in 1789, with a resident white population of nearly 40,000 souls, at the very pinnacle of material prosperity and possessed of a complex social organization, jealously guarding its supremacy and race identity in face of a large caste of half breeds whose only bond of interest with their white superiors was a common exploitation of some half-million negro slaves. The period closes sixteen years later with the complete annihilation of the last remnants of the white population, the subordination of the mulatto caste to the negroes, and the destruction of the island's economic prosperity." It is remarkable that the story of these eventful and tragic sixteen years, the causes lying back of the tragedy, and the forces through which the startling results were reached should never have been fully told before. Mr. Stoddard's narrative of them lacks nothing either of detail or of vivid interest. The central figure is, of course, Toussaint Louverture; but Dessalines was the chief actor in

the final act of the tragedy. The author has found his material largely in the French archives, of which he has made an exhaustive study. Happily he is not only a patient and thorough student, but a skilful and brilliant writer; and his work will have a secure and permanent place in the literature of American history.

It is beginning to be recognized, although perhaps more slowly than might be desired, that the most important period in a child's education comes before the school age; and that the benefit which a child may derive from later education depends very largely upon the training, or the lack of it, in the earlier years at home. Parents who are awake to this fact and who are the happy possessors of children under seven, are especially appealed to in V. M. Hillyer's volume on "Child Training" (The Century Co.). This is not a general treatise on the subject, but a carefully-developed and practically-tested system of training for a child under school age, which any mother, or any father,—if he has patience and time—may apply in the home. The author is Head Master of the Calvert School, Baltimore, and has had abundant opportunities for observation and experiment in child training. The course which he outlines includes habit drills, manual work, physical training, social training, information, and first lessons in reading and writing. The child to whom these courses are practically applied is likely to be both healthier and happier in consequence, and more efficient in later years. The lessons are varied and not exacting, and the child who is trained by them will hardly be aware that he is doing anything more serious than play. Eight or ten full-page illustrations show children thus happily employed.